

# Chatelaine

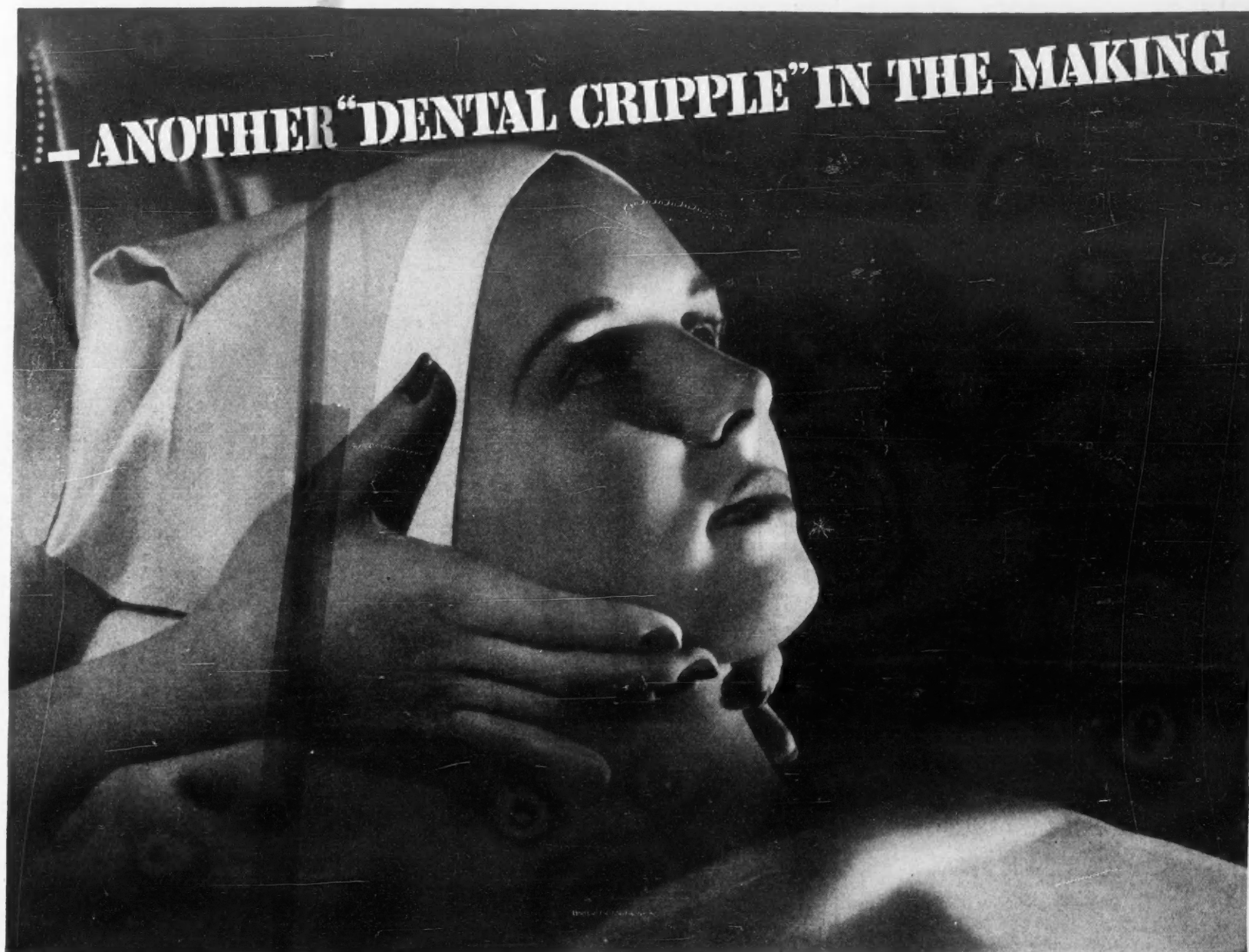
JANUARY, 1937

TEN CENTS



1937—HOME IMPROVEMENT YEAR

## Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums



—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

**How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies...help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.**

**S**HE'LL sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her *tender, ail-*

*ing gums*—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

### Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist*. He *wants* to help you, to protect you against serious dental trouble. You may not be in for serious trouble—but *let him decide*. More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft and succulent foods that rob our gums of the work they need for healthy firmness. And usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and, very often,

the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Don't take chances, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Give it the same consideration as you give your other beauty aids. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life in the gum tissues—a new feeling of health and firmness as circulation quickens.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling*. Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

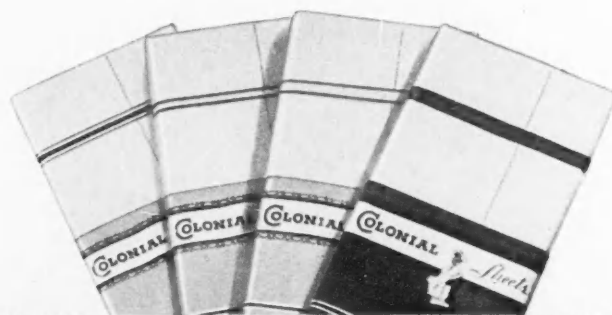
### Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



**I P A N A**  
*Tooth Paste*

# COLONIAL *Sheets* *and Pillow Slips*



THEIR touch is a caress: their cool, smooth-textured snowy-whiteness an invitation to slumber. Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips, accepted as Canada's finest since 1846, really dress beds. They have no artificial filling. Made from long-fibre cotton spun into fine-count yarn for enduring wear and repeated launderings. Made in several grades from sturdy inexpensive weaves to the finest percales.

## MAGOG *Fastest Fabrics*

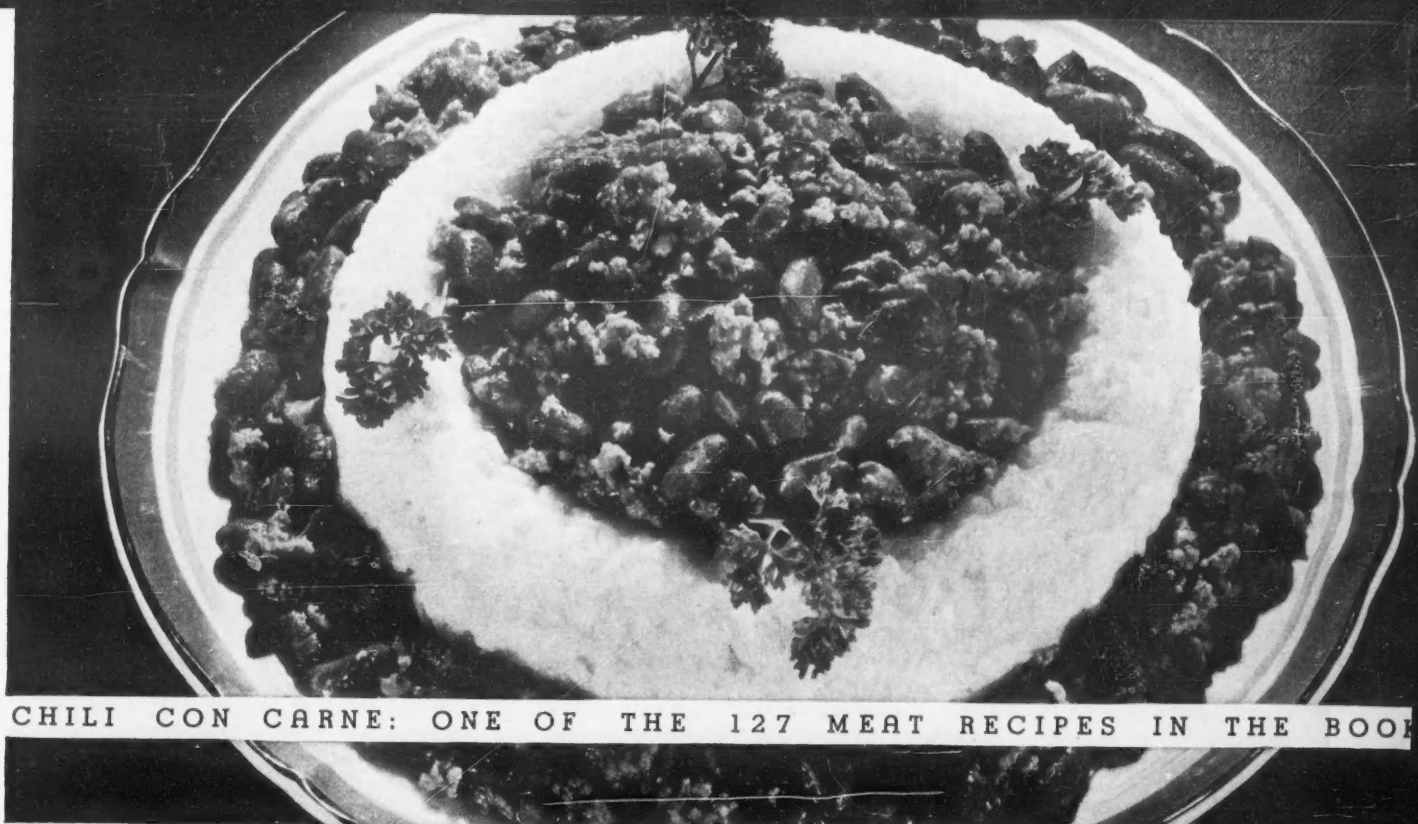
It's fun to plan your wardrobe with Magog Fastest Fabrics. There's such a gay profusion of weaves and colours. Whether you make your own or choose ready-to-wear make sure your frocks are sunfast, tubfast, Magog Fastest Fabrics for real economy and long wear.



A Product of  
**DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED**  
*Makers of the famous COLONIAL Towels*

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CHILI CON CARNE: ONE OF THE 127 MEAT RECIPES IN THE BOOK

## HIGH HAT FARE LESS COST-LESS CARE



● This new book—not the usual sort of cook book—enables you to prepare “class” dishes at “mass” prices. It tells you how to “doll up” the cheaper cuts of meat—how to dignify left-overs—how to save salads from monotony.

The Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes fairly overflows with modern information on saladry and cookery. The recipes have all been tested. They are printed in large type, the language is simple. Many are beautifully pictured. Beef, pork, lamb, veal, fish and poultry are all given their just dues. Novel canapés, hors-d'oeuvres and sandwiches have a section to themselves.

There are 90 recipes for salads made with fruit, greens, vegetables, meats and fish. Thirty-one salad dressings are fully described. Even hints on carving are included. Already thousands of home-cooks are using this book. It gives them daily inspiration and help in keeping meals varied, bright, appetizing and nourishing—saves them so much work with hands and brain.

Why not send for your copy of this smart recipe book now? It is everything you would expect from the makers of the famous “57”. The price is only 25 cents (about half what it cost to produce) or, if you send along labels from 3 tins of Heinz Soups, you can have the book for only 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C 44, Toronto, Ont.



TART TOMATO SALAD: ONE OF 90 SALADS IN THE BOOK



# Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

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EVERY TIME I cross this Canada of ours, I come home overwhelmed with the vitality, courage and good common sense of its people. I don't believe there is anything more invigorating than such a journey, taken as it was, with an eager mind. And how much of interest is going on these days! I wish every one of you could have toured the cities of the West with me, to see how definitely women are tackling their problems. To see them, for instance, working definitely to make themselves felt in municipal politics. Or trying in every city to develop the standard for domestic service, to bring a closer understanding between mistress and maid or, again, to see them developing the handicrafts of the new Canadians into forms which will bring them their daily bread—and foster our own ideas of creative art.

I've always liked the "Letter of a Reformer" by Carrie Chapman Catt, that valiant champion of women. In it she says:

"I do not think there is much to say about me, except that I have given my life to suffrage work, and that I have performed all the various obligations which an enlistment in the cause puts upon me. I have opened the doors of churches and halls, and lighted the kerosene lamps, attended to babies while the meeting was in progress, made the speeches, taken the collection, pronounced the benediction, organized the clubs or committees, and have held all the offices imaginable from club president, up and down and sideways.

"As I look back upon it, this seems to be a record of drudgery, each day doing what the cause seemed to demand of me, but I do not perceive in that record any glorious heroism or headlines to attract public attention. If you find any it will be due to your imagination."

I hope all the women of the Western provinces, and their sisters in the East, who are working so finely for their community's welfare, will enjoy that quotation. The writer of it probably more than any other on the continent, has brought women to the vital place we hold in the community life today. As a traveller journeying through, one can see the vital effects of all "daily drudgery." As a magazine, *Chatelaine* is planning, more than ever, to bring news of its many triumphs to our readers everywhere.

It will be part of the program of editorial enrichment we are planning for 1937. And there are brilliant magazine features planned—among them an intensely interesting novel of the new generation, "Marriage Made on Earth," by that popular novelist, Velia Ercole. February will bring the first installment of this book.

BUT BEFORE we look ahead to the new year, I want to urge you to read "How Are Your Nerves?" by Dr. Bengt Atlee, the noted "writing doctor" from Halifax.

Dr. Atlee's article is an important contribution for any magazine to make—and you'll find it enthralling reading. Mary Lowrey Ross, of Toronto, has an unusual story in "Family Affair," and Elizabeth Troy does some research work into what happens "When Husbands Meet"—it's a light-hearted tale of would-be sophisticates.

This issue brings to a conclusion one of the most compelling features we have presented—"I Nursed the Quintuplets," by Louise de Kiriline. Everywhere I went on my recent trip through to the west coast, women spoke to me of an absorbing interest in this story of how the five pathetically weak babies were developed into bonnie, healthy youngsters by the type of care every mother can give her child. I hope that thousands of mothers have realized with a new dramatic force, the power of fresh air, exercise, and plain, properly balanced food. It's the rule of three that is important all through life.

But as magazine life must constantly be developing new ways of interest, we announce the conclusion of one feature, and the introduction of a new one—a series of stunning designs in knitting. If you think the craze for knitting is dying out, you have only to do a bit of travelling to see women everywhere working with increased interest. What struck me particularly, was the fact that so many thousands of them are happily launching into successful making of hand-knit suits and costumes. Page sixteen brings the first of a number of designs for women and children—men and boys. Nellie McClung thinks that one of the reasons for knitting's popularity is that so many of us enjoy doing it while listening to the radio.

I hope that each one of you will see that your youngsters bring to their schoolteacher's attention "Canada's Child," by Frances Shelley Weiss, the noted Canadian novelist. Mrs. Weiss lives in Toronto now, but hails from Alberta. Her little feature is exquisitely attuned to a growing child's love for the beautiful and for romance. Won't you see that some teacher has it for use in her class?

As thousands of others have done, I've searched for another adjective to include in my hope that you may all have a Happy New Year. But with them, I find this age-old hope conveys the sum total of them all. So, very sincerely,

A Happy New Year to you all.

Byrne Hope Sanders.



## Chatelaine FOR JANUARY



Stedman looked to where his wife stood revealed in the moonlight. A man's arms went round her shoulders. Her smooth head was uplifted to his . . .

*Invade the domestic rights of a quiet, dinner-jacketed male and you may unsheath a caveman, as two women discover . . .*

# When Husbands Meet

by

ELIZABETH TROY

MRS. RUSS NICHOLS decided that the only thing missing from the setup was a pipe organ playing the wedding march. The breakfast table had been placed out on the side verandah because the sights and smells and other evidences of June out there should, if Russ was not deaf, dumb and blind, permeate the sound-proof chambers of his brain and—make him remember.

Roses besought attention by pushing eager little pink faces through the trellis. Robins did a staccato trotting up and down the lawn. One of them swelled his red bay window in song from a branch of the tree nearest the verandah. The sun shone with that special goldishness it reserves for June and weddings. And Mrs. Russ Nichols, who was only twenty-two years old, had on a new blue linen dress that matched her eyes.

Russ came out with a newspaper hugged under one arm. He looked scrubbed and solemn. Widge knew, after one look at him, that he had not remembered yet. He had his morning expression on. You saw that an infinitesimal percentage of him concerned itself with his breakfast. The rest of him was downtown in his office.

Ordinarily, Widge did not intrude upon this preparation of his mind for the rigors of a day in the wholesale grey goods business. She knew, reverently, but with a profound ignorance he had never attempted to relieve, that grey goods meant the basic material upon which cretonnes and such things were printed. Aside from that and the fact that in her house were the loveliest draperies and chair coverings in all of the suburban village of Bowling Green, she knew nothing at all about Russ' business except that she loved him just as much when he was working at it as she did when he wasn't. In this, she suspected more and more, Russ and she were not seeing eye to eye. Every day he saw the grey goods business more than he saw her.

But this was not an ordinary morning. This was a

**"TONIGHT OF ALL NIGHTS  
YOU MUSTN'T CATCH COLD"**



*Look! Here's more help in*  
**PREVENTING MANY COLDS**



**At That First Sneeze**  
—or snuffle... or any sign of nasal irritation... Nature's usual warning that a cold is threatening... don't delay a moment.



**Quick! A few drops of VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**  
up each nostril



**It S-p-r-e-a-d-s**  
—blanketing this trouble zone with scientific medication, specially designed for the nose and upper throat —where most colds start.

PERHAPS you don't see yourself in the picture—but what's true of Sally's nose is true of your own nose, too.

We all have a big trouble zone in the nose and upper throat—and it's there, say medical authorities, that 3 out of 4 colds start.

Plainly, then, to help prevent colds, it's necessary to use medication that is specially designed to act on the nose and upper throat. Medication which spreads through the trouble zone where most colds begin—and grow.

You get this... exactly this... in Va-tro-nol, the original and exclusive Vicks formula.



The moment you apply Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril—you can feel its tingling medication as it swiftly spreads through your nose and upper throat.

#### **Aids Nature's Defenses**

Aiding and gently stimulating Nature's defenses in this area, Va-tro-nol brings you quick relief from that irritating, sneezy feeling. Used in time, it helps to prevent many colds, or to throw off annoying head colds in the early stages.

#### **Quickly Relieves "Stuffy Head"**

If neglected irritation has led to the clogged-up nose which goes with head colds—or

if you have the "stuffy head" which often accompanies chronic nasal irritation—Va-tro-nol brings welcome relief.

Quickly, Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes, clears clogging mucus—and you can breathe again.

But you'll find that what Va-tro-nol actually does in clearing "stuffy head" is more convincing than anything we can say about it.

#### **Tested by Doctors**

In clinical tests including thousands of people—children as well as grown-ups—independent physicians have tested Va-tro-nol.

For a brief, fast-moving story of these clinic tests—in which Va-tro-nol was used as a part of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds—see the column at the right.

### **THOUSANDS CUT SICKNESS FROM COLDS IN HALF!**

In the most extensive colds-clinic of its kind ever held, the thousands of followers of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds averaged a saving of *more than half* the sickness due to colds.

The clinic was established because Vicks Chemists wanted to prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, how well Vicks Plan works under everyday conditions, such as we all meet in our own homes.

#### **Fewer Colds—And Shorter!**

This clinic began in 1932. The final test was concluded in the bitter winter of 1936. A total of 17,353 people took part in these clinic tests.

Look at the remarkable results—averages for the entire clinic:

Vicks Plan followers escaped one out of every four colds.

The colds they did have were shorter by more than one-fourth.

Just think what that meant in reducing total sickness due to colds—a saving of more than half (50.88%, to be exact)!

Even greater was the saving in school absences due to colds (57.86%)... as shown in tests among 7,031 school children.

#### **Group Against Group**

This clinic consisted of a series of tests. In each test, those taking part were divided into two groups—each equal, as nearly as possible, as to number, age, sex, and living conditions. One group followed Vicks Plan. Those in the other group simply followed their usual practices regarding colds.

#### **"Too Good to be True?"**

Results of the first two clinic tests had seemed almost too good to be true. To verify these, additional tests were made. These later tests were supervised by independent, practicing physicians. Records were kept under their direction, then sent direct to a firm of nationally-known public accountants, who tabulated and certified the results. And—in these independently checked tests—results averaged better than ever!

#### **What Is Vicks Plan?**

Vicks Plan is a practical, easy-to-follow guide, designed especially to help mothers in dealing with the family's colds. It represents the 30 years' experience of Vicks Chemists and Medical Consultants in dealing with the problem of colds.

Vicks Plan recognizes the importance of healthful living, to help Nature build and maintain body resistance to colds—and, at the same time, the Plan provides proper medication for different types and stages of the common cold.

#### **What Can Vicks Plan**

#### **Do for YOUR Family?**

Naturally, results vary among followers of the Plan. And what it can do for your family may be less—or more—than it averaged in the clinic. But doesn't its fine record in these clinic tests make it well worth trying in your own home?

You will find complete directions for following the Plan with each bottle of Vicks Va-tro-nol, your handy aid in preventing many colds; and each jar of Vicks VapoRub, your family standby for relieving colds.

**Mail Coupon  
Today For Free  
Trial Packages**

Vicks, Dept. C-1  
Windsor, Ont.

Please send me—free—trial packages of Vicks Va-tro-nol and Vicks VapoRub, together with complete details of Vicks Plan—the practical home guide to greater freedom from colds.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Postoffice and Province)



**FOLLOW VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS**  
*Full Details in Each Vicks Package*

Miss Carmichael bent her sleek boyish head to glance at her wrist watch.

"I'm lunching with Gorham at twelve—if you'll excuse me—" She smiled at Widge sweetly. She had a lovely wide mouth. She was tall and smooth and very tailored. "See you and—your husband—tonight then?"

Widge, feeling suddenly pitifully small and young and unable to cope with the advanced ideas of these two tall people who were looking at her with enigmatic eyes, nodded and stammered something about being very glad they could come.

And was in such a hurry to get away from there that she almost forgot to give Mr. Stedman her address.

AT NINE o'clock that evening Russ had not come home. He had not even telephoned. At nine-thirty Widge changed her mind about the corsage of orchids sent her by George Stedman. She had decided when they first came not to wear them because Russ might feel hurt. Now she snatched them out of the box and pinned them on. She had to look as if someone cared.

At ten o'clock a car stopped at her door and her heart

leaped. Russ, at last. But it wasn't Russ. It was George Stedman, handsomer than ever in evening dress.

"Mimi and Gorham," he explained, "went on to the club. They'll meet us there. I hope you don't mind her bringing Gorham. He was quite insistent about coming."

Widge said she didn't mind Gorham's coming in the least and meant it. Having Mr. Gorham Mrs. Stedman would be less likely to pursue the matter of Russ' eyes. Provided, of course, Russ ever came. The thought of him made her lips a trifle grim. But not for long. She picked up her wrap from a chair and brought forth from the hurt places inside her a lovely smile for Mr. Stedman.

"My husband," she said, "has been detained. Shall we go together?"

George Stedman's eyes admired her. He glanced, pleased, at the orchids. He took her wrap from her hands and held it to her shoulders. She could feel his fingers touching her neck and wondered fleetingly if having a touch of gooseflesh was a thrill or just—gooseflesh.

"Together," he said wistfully. "That's a swell word, isn't it?"

The virus of the Stedman theory had got into Widge's

blood. She smiled over her shoulder at him and said, "Sometimes," in a way that indicated that this was one of the times. The gleam in his eye grew brighter.

"Let's pretend—just for tonight—that there are no wives and no husbands in the world," he said.

"No ties and no connections," sang Widge in the words of the jazz tune. They laughed gaily and went out together.

THIS NEW Widge—the one who was pretending she hadn't any husband and who was flaunting a come-hither glint in an eye in which there had never been any light before except the light she kept burning for Russ—derived considerable satisfaction from the effect of her entrance with George. He drew every woman's eye. He caught, in particular, the eye of Mrs. Kim Henry whose gift-horse—Widge invented the term in a moment of inspired malice—was dancing raptly with Mrs. Stedman.

The talented Mimi, despite a slinky gown of green satin in which there was no back at all and very little front, managed in a startling way to look tailored. Members of the Bowling Green Country Club looked at her as if nothing like this had ever got into [Continued on page 39]

### Illustrated by Agnew

Russ took him roughly by the collar, "Oh no you don't kiss my wife," he gulped. He socked Mr. Stedman squarely on the nose.



*A woman will go pretty far to make her husband remember their wedding anniversary. But nice little Mrs. Russ Nichols hadn't counted on quite such a crashing climax to her simple, but effective scheme as occurs in this delightful story of young marrieds*

certain day in June. She went to him and put her arms around his neck. He patted her shoulder with a now-now-not-now brevity and pushed out his cheek for her kiss.

He said, even before the kiss was finished, "Breakfast outdoors leads to cold coffee. Let's move inside."

Widge said, "No one ought to spend a single minute of a June day indoors. And this June is nearly over."

It was, as a matter of fact, June 24. She waited for him to pick up the cue. He didn't. He merely, obedient with some part of him subconscious to the urgency of her tone, sat down. She sat down. She looked with hopeful eyes at the centrepiece of orange blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley overflowing a crystal bowl and touching the rim of his plate. Russ frowned at the dripping petals and propped his open newspaper against them. He stared at newsprint and swallowed gulps of chilled orange juice.

Widge was pretty sure she looked very nice indeed. The roses on the trellis trembled in the gentle breeze. The robin with the large chest sang desperately.

It said: "Tweet-tweet, old boy. This is the third anniversary of your wedding day. That pretty girl over there is the one you hounded for months to marry you. And she did—three years ago today. So kindly observe the orange blossoms which are the fragrance of every proper bridal bouquet. Look at me. I'm June. Look at those roses. Get a load of that new blue linen dress. Get," twittered the robin, despairingly, "sentimental about the whole thing, can't you? You'll be sorry if you don't."

Russ read the paper and pawed for a plate of toast. He located it and thrust a wedge of it into his mouth. He muttered something indistinct about collegiate economics. Widge couldn't eat anything.

She took a breath, counted ten and said brightly, "It's not surprising, when you see a day like this, that a lot of people get married in June. Or maybe you haven't noticed that it's June?"

Russ gave the newspaper a little twitch. "I'd like," he said bitterly, "to forget it. It's been the worst month we've had in two years. Harvey insisted upon putting in hundred-inch looms. So what do we get? We get all the dimwit drapery manufacturers wanting fifty-inch widths. I told Harvey. I'm telling him again tonight."

Mrs. Russ Nichols' lips quivered. "Tonight? But tonight is the midsummer dance at the club. We're going to it. You said so. You said it would be our—" She gulped to silence. She had almost said "our wedding anniversary party." But she had resolved not to remind him of this day or of any other important day. Days that other men remembered. Other men who did not, as Russ did, rush out on Christmas Eve to buy at the corner drugstore a bottle of not very good perfume or a toilet set out of last year's stock. Men who thought tenderly enough of their wives to plan lovely surprises.

She blinked away such thoughts and a tear or two at the same time. She said at last, "You said you'd take me."

Russ turned the paper over. He sipped coffee with the dread frown of a man finding it too hot for his mouth, but no hotter than he actually wanted it.

"Can't make it," he said. "Harvey's coming up from the south tonight. I've got to see him about changing those looms. Otherwise there's no use trying to see Stedman again."

Widge asked, not caring, just wanting to make him talk to her, "Who is Stedman?"

"Draperies. Biggest drapery man in the country. He needs fifty thousand dollars worth of grey goods. Fifty inch. He can't see that a hundred-inch width would save him time and money. Can't see anything, that guy—" Russ' tone hardened—"not even me. Took him to lunch the other day and didn't make a dent on him. The subject of grey goods didn't even come up. Why? Why, because he did a dumb trick. He brought his wife. She'd just got off a train or something so he had to bring her."

"I suppose a conversation about grey goods and draperies wouldn't interest a wife much," remarked Widge, crumbling toast and noting that the robin had flown.

"It should have," Russ said. He pushed his chair back irritably. "She's a designer. Works with him in his office. Designer"—he uttered a short scornful laugh—"is right. She waved her eyelashes at me. She waves 'em at everyone. When the lunch was over, I didn't know any more about how I stood with Stedman than I did before. I had a hunch, though, that where I stood was exactly nowhere."

Widge said suddenly, and to her own alarmed amazement, "You could find out maybe if you took me to the dance. The Stedmans are going to be there."

Russ, on his way into the house to get his hat, whirled. "What? The Stedmans? Are you sure?"

Widge, eyes enormous, heart banging too hard to permit breath for speech, wagged her head up and down.

Russ exclaimed, "Well, of course, we're going. Have I got a collar? Is my dinner coat pressed?"

Widge nodded. "But you had to see Harvey—"

"I'll see him. But I'll cut it short. I'll be home by nine." He put on his hat. He patted her again. He actually smiled. "I'll get Stedman tonight. Have my clothes ready—"

He glimpsed his watch, raced across the sunny lawn, ignored a robin, got into his car and roared away to the depot for the eight-twenty-seven.

Young Mrs. Nichols seemed unable to remove her gaze from the orange blossoms. After a long time they made it clear to her that they had no solution to offer to the question of how a young woman, driven mad by a man with a single-tracked mind, could persuade a total stranger with a flirtatious wife to come to a party where he knew nobody at all except a man his wife had flirted with quite openly at a luncheon table.

ON THE STATION platform Mrs. Russ Nichols, waiting for the ten-nineteen train, stood behind a pillar. She was hoping passionately that Mrs. Kimball Henry, member of her bridge club and near neighbor, would not detect her presence. She was in no mood to converse brightly with a woman whose husband planned Christmas and birthday and wedding surprises weeks beforehand.

Louise Henry loved to tell other wives that Kim adored her. She loved to show them the presents he gave her. She made you feel, Widge thought, that she occupied a sort of mink-coat cocoon, wrapped round and round with Kim's lovely attentions. She was—though Widge supposed this opinion was just sour grapes—somewhat tiresome in her absorption in Kim's adoration. It dwelt rather less on Kim than on herself for being the kind of woman a man never could stop petting and showering with presents. She had been married to Kim for five years.

She spotted Widge behind the pillar. They greeted each other with the bright surprise and affection peculiar to young suburban wives who know everything about each other except what each really thinks about the other.

Mrs. Henry sat in the same seat in the train with Widge. "Are you going up to get something new for the dance?" she asked.

Widge, feeling that one lie was enough for the day, said she was not.

Louise Henry said, "I am. Kim said I simply had to get a new evening dress for the dance. He's the most extravagant fool about me. Gave me a big cheque this morning." She regarded Widge with sudden interest. "Isn't this your wedding anniversary today?"

Widge nodded smilingly. She knew why Louise remembered. A year ago today the Henrys and the Nicholls and the Harrisons had planned a dinner and theatre party to celebrate the Nicholls' second wedding anniversary. And Russ had kept them waiting until eight-thirty and then he had telephoned that he had to go South for the week-end. And Widge had gone home and torn up the theatre tickets.

But tonight was safe. He'd be on hand for the party tonight. Not for her sake. For business sake.

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"Oh—that one," said Miss Carmichael. She beamed upon Widge. "Of course, I'll come. Can you make it for tonight, George?"

He did not look at his wife at all. He looked at Widge. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds," he said.

Miss Carmichael bent her sleek boyish head to glance at her wrist watch.

"I'm lunching with Gorham at twelve—if you'll excuse me—" She smiled at Widge sweetly. She had a lovely wide mouth. She was tall and smooth and very tailored. "See you and—your husband—tonight then?"

Widge, feeling suddenly pitifully small and young and unable to cope with the advanced ideas of these two tall people who were looking at her with enigmatic eyes, nodded and stammered something about being very glad they could come.

And was in such a hurry to get away from there that she almost forgot to give Mr. Stedman her address.

AT NINE o'clock that evening Russ had not come home. He had not even telephoned. At nine-thirty Widge changed her mind about the corsage of orchids sent her by George Stedman. She had decided when they first came not to wear them because Russ might feel hurt. Now she snatched them out of the box and pinned them on. She had to look as if someone cared.

At ten o'clock a car stopped at her door and her heart

leaped. Russ, at last. But it wasn't Russ. It was George Stedman, handsomer than ever in evening dress.

"Mimi and Gorham," he explained, "went on to the club. They'll meet us there. I hope you don't mind her bringing Gorham. He was quite insistent about coming."

Widge said she didn't mind Gorham's coming in the least and meant it. Having Mr. Gorham Mrs. Stedman would be less likely to pursue the matter of Russ' eyes. Provided, of course, Russ ever came. The thought of him made her lips a trifle grim. But not for long. She picked up her wrap from a chair and brought forth from the hurt places inside her a lovely smile for Mr. Stedman.

"My husband," she said, "has been detained. Shall we go together?"

George Stedman's eyes admired her. He glanced, pleased, at the orchids. He took her wrap from her hands and held it to her shoulders. She could feel his fingers touching her neck and wondered fleetingly if having a touch of gooseflesh was a thrill or just—gooseflesh.

"Together," he said wistfully. "That's a swell word, isn't it?"

The virus of the Stedman theory had got into Widge's

blood. She smiled over her shoulder at him and said, "Sometimes," in a way that indicated that this was one of the times. The gleam in his eye grew brighter.

"Let's pretend—just for tonight—that there are no wives and no husbands in the world," he said.

"No ties and no connections," sang Widge in the words of the jazz tune. They laughed gaily and went out together.

THIS NEW Widge—the one who was pretending she hadn't any husband and who was flaunting a come-hither glint in an eye in which there had never been any light before except the light she kept burning for Russ—derived considerable satisfaction from the effect of her entrance with George. He drew every woman's eye. He caught, in particular, the eye of Mrs. Kim Henry whose gift-horse—Widge invented the term in a moment of inspired malice—was dancing raptly with Mrs. Stedman.

The talented Mimi, despite a slinky gown of green satin in which there was no back at all and very little front, managed in a startling way to look tailored. Members of the Bowling Green Country Club looked at her as if nothing like this had ever got into [Continued on page 39]

### Illustrated by Agnew

Russ took him roughly by the collar, "Oh no you don't kiss my wife," he gulped. He socked Mr. Stedman squarely on the nose.



*A woman will go pretty far to make her husband remember their wedding anniversary. But nice little Mrs. Russ Nichols hadn't counted on quite such a crashing climax to her simple, but effective scheme as occurs in this delightful story of young marrieds*

certain day in June. She went to him and put her arms around his neck. He patted her shoulder with a now-not-now brevity and pushed out his cheek for her kiss.

He said, even before the kiss was finished, "Breakfast outdoors leads to cold coffee. Let's move inside."

Widge said, "No one ought to spend a single minute of a June day indoors. And this June is nearly over."

It was, as a matter of fact, June 24. She waited for him to pick up the cue. He didn't. He merely, obedient with some part of him subconscious to the urgency of her tone, sat down. She sat down. She looked with hopeful eyes at the centerpiece of orange blossoms and lilies-of-the-valley overflowing a crystal bowl and touching the rim of his plate. Russ frowned at the dripping petals and propped his open newspaper against them. He stared at newsprint and swallowed gulps of chilled orange juice.

Widge was pretty sure she looked very nice indeed. The roses on the trellis trembled in the gentle breeze. The robin with the large chest sang desperately.

It said: "Tweet-tweet, old boy. This is the third anniversary of your wedding day. That pretty girl over there is the one you hounded for months to marry you. And she did—three years ago today. So kindly observe the orange blossoms which are the fragrance of every proper bridal bouquet. Look at me. I'm June. Look at those roses. Get a load of that new blue linen dress. Get," twittered the robin, despairingly, "sentimental about the whole thing, can't you? You'll be sorry if you don't."

Russ read the paper and pawed for a plate of toast. He located it and thrust a wedge of it into his mouth. He muttered something indistinct about collegiate economics. Widge couldn't eat anything.

She took a breath, counted ten and said brightly, "It's not surprising, when you see a day like this, that a lot of people get married in June. Or maybe you haven't noticed that it's June?"

Russ gave the newspaper a little twitch.

"I'd like," he said bitterly, "to forget it. It's been the worst month we've had in two years. Harvey insisted upon putting in hundred-inch looms. So what do we get? We get all the dimwit drapery manufacturers wanting fifty-inch widths. I told Harvey. I'm telling him again tonight."

Mrs. Russ Nichols' lips quivered. "Tonight? But tonight is the midsummer dance at the club. We're going to it. You said so. You said it would be our—" She gulped to silence. She had almost said "our wedding anniversary party." But she had resolved not to remind him of this day or of any other important day. Days that other men remembered. Other men who did not, as Russ did, rush out on Christmas Eve to buy at the corner drugstore a bottle of not very good perfume or a toilet set out of last year's stock. Men who thought tenderly enough of their wives to plan lovely surprises.

She blinked away such thoughts and a tear or two at the same time. She said at last, "You said you'd take me."

Russ turned the paper over. He sipped coffee with the dread frown of a man finding it too hot for his mouth, but no hotter than he actually wanted it.

"Can't make it," he said. "Harvey's coming up from the south tonight. I've got to see him about changing those looms. Otherwise there's no use trying to see Stedman again."

Widge asked, not caring, just wanting to make him talk to her, "Who is Stedman?"

"Draperies. Biggest drapery man in the country. He needs fifty thousand dollars worth of grey goods. Fifty inch. He can't see that a hundred-inch width would save him time and money. Can't see anything, that guy—" Russ' tone hardened—"not even me. Took him to lunch the other day and didn't make a dent on him. The subject of grey goods didn't even come up. Why? Why, because he did a dumb trick. He brought his wife. She'd just got off a train or something so he had to bring her."

"I suppose a conversation about grey goods and draperies wouldn't interest a wife much," remarked Widge, crumbling toast and noting that the robin had flown.

"It should have," Russ said. He pushed his chair back irritably. "She's a designer. Works with him in his office. Designer"—he uttered a short scornful laugh—"is right. She waved her eyelashes at me. She waves 'em at everyone. When the lunch was over, I didn't know any more about how I stood with Stedman than I did before. I had a hunch, though, that where I stood was exactly nowhere."

Widge said suddenly, and to her own alarmed amazement, "You could find out maybe if you took me to the dance. The Stedmans are going to be there."

Russ, on his way into the house to get his hat, whirled. "What? The Stedmans? Are you sure?"

Widge, eyes enormous, heart banging too hard to permit breath for speech, wagged her head up and down.

Russ exclaimed, "Well, of course, we're going. Have I got a collar? Is my dinner coat pressed?"

Widge nodded. "But you had to see Harvey—"

"I'll see him. But I'll cut it short. I'll be home by nine." He put on his hat. He patted her again. He actually smiled. "I'll get Stedman tonight. Have my clothes ready—"

He glimpsed his watch, raced across the sunny lawn, ignored a robin, got into his car and roared away to the depot for the eight-twenty-seven.

Young Mrs. Nichols seemed unable to remove her gaze from the orange blossoms. After a long time they made it clear to her that they had no solution to offer to the question of how a young woman, driven mad by a man with a single-tracked mind, could persuade a total stranger with a flirtatious wife to come to a party where he knew nobody at all except a man his wife had flirted with quite openly at a luncheon table.

ON THE STATION platform Mrs. Russ Nichols, waiting for the ten-nineteen train, stood behind a pillar. She was hoping passionately that Mrs. Kimball Henry, member of her bridge club and near neighbor, would not detect her presence. She was in no mood to converse brightly with a woman whose husband planned Christmas and birthday and wedding surprises weeks beforehand.

Louise Henry loved to tell other wives that Kim adored her. She loved to show them the presents he gave her. She made you feel, Widge thought, that she occupied a sort of mink-coat cocoon, wrapped round and round with Kim's lovely attentions. She was—though Widge supposed this opinion was just sour grapes—somewhat tiresome in her absorption in Kim's adoration. It dwelt rather less on Kim than on herself for being the kind of woman a man never could stop petting and showering with presents. She had been married to Kim for five years.

She spotted Widge behind the pillar. They greeted each other with the bright surprise and affection peculiar to young suburban wives who know everything about each other except what each really thinks about the other.

Mrs. Henry sat in the same seat in the train with Widge. "Are you going up to get something new for the dance?" she asked.

Widge, feeling that one lie was enough for the day, said she was not.

Louise Henry said, "I am. Kim said I simply had to get a new evening dress for the dance. He's the most extravagant fool about me. Gave me a big cheque this morning." She regarded Widge with sudden interest. "Isn't this your wedding anniversary today?"

Widge nodded smilingly. She knew why Louise remembered. A year ago today the Henrys and the Nicholls and the Harrisons had planned a dinner and theatre party to celebrate the Nicholls' second wedding anniversary. And Russ had kept them waiting until eight-thirty and then he had telephoned that he had to go South for the week-end. And Widge had gone home and torn up the theatre tickets.

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it was just an old farmhouse," Mildred said, complacently, to new visitors. Perhaps he should have told her. But what was the use? Well, thank heavens, that emergency was past three years ago. Security was with them again. Yes, there was a breathing spell.

The soft spring day was growing hazy as the afternoon lengthened. Miss Prime left the office on some errand of her own. Craig telephoned Dan Barclay. Yes, Dan could go. "Why, you old son of a gun!" Dan said. "What's this? A second blooming?" Craig telephoned home. It was Nora, the second maid, who answered. Miss June had gone to the movies. Mrs. Quinby was at a bridge party, but she'd be sure to tell her that Mr. Quinby would be late.

So that was settled. Craig thought again, "His first false step!" But this time he chuckled thinking it.

He remembered Daphne Morrison all right. She was one of the models at the fashion show the Lustro Mills had given last fall to display their spring fabrics to the trade. As vice-president in charge of sales that show had been largely his responsibility. Naturally he'd met Daphne, talked with her, maybe talked with her too much. But he'd have been a fool if he hadn't realized the girl liked him. Or was it her business to make men think she liked them? Anyway, she'd said with that dewy, demure look in her eyes that was so alluring, "You'll drop in at my apartment for tea some afternoon, won't you, Mr. Quinby? Promise."

"Of course," he'd said lightly.

But he never had. He had never even thought of doing so—well, he'd thought of it but that was all. Until today. "Oh, well!" he said to himself. "What the dickens am I getting out of life?"

HE MET Dan Barclay and they walked down Bay Street together, Dan swinging his stick. He wore a carnation in his buttonhole. "Dapper Dan" they'd called him in college. A bachelor, plenty of money, Dan, too, was one of the careless ones. Shouts and alarms meant little to him. "If the worst comes to the worst I can always retire to my lodge in the North," Dan said at times, grinning. "Eat venison, catch fish, raise vegetables. Not bad!" It wouldn't be so bad at that. Craig had been there. But while Junior would like it, temporarily anyway, Craig couldn't imagine Mildred and June in a hunting lodge instead of a forty-thousand-dollar remodelled farmhouse in Oakdale.

"What are these girls like?" Dan asked, "And where did you pick them up?"

"I didn't pick them up. I don't even know Nadine. Daphne Morrison is all right. She's pretty, intelligent and charming."

"And on the make?"

"I don't know that you should say that," Craig said indignantly. "Daphne works for a living. She's a nice girl." He told Dan all he knew about Daphne Morrison. Well, almost all.

"Borderline girls," said Dan.

"What's that mean?"

Dan laughed. "On the border between respectability and the other thing. Usually very interesting, too."

Craig was rather sorry he'd invited Dan Barclay to go with him. He didn't care for Dan's brand of sophistication. Daphne Morrison was too good for it.

Nor did he exactly like the way Dan Barclay acted at Daphne's. Dan made himself too much at home, seemed much too knowing.

A colored maid in a black uniform with a frilled white apron served tea. Daphne sat on the couch, the silver tea service on a tray on a small table before her. There were little sandwiches, canapés of foie gras and caviar, olives. It might have been a party in Oakdale. Then, again, it might not.

Nadine and Dan Barclay were laughing together. He was telling her about his lodge. "It would be fun if we could all have a party up there some time," Craig heard him say.

Daphne said to Craig, on the couch beside her, "Your friend looks like a gentleman, but isn't he a little crude?"

Craig wanted to apologize to Daphne. He wanted to defend her. Defend her from what? His instincts were chivalrous but muddled. "Look here, Daphne," he said, "let's you and I have dinner together some night and talk things over. Just the two of us."

"I'd love to."

"When can you make it?"

This was Thursday. "Would next Monday be all right?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, that's fine"—he hesitated and then blurted forth: "You know I'm married, don't you?"

Daphne looked at him, her eyes wide and innocent. "Yes, I know," she said.

CRAIG MANAGED to get the six-thirty. He felt a little excited, a little befuddled.

## THE SITUATION

Suddenly Craig Quinby rebelled after twenty years as a model husband and father. He was tired of being regarded as nothing but a Meal Ticket. He had a right to get some fun out of life; to accept such intriguing companionship as beautiful Daphne Morrison offered . . . But when his own daughter looked to him for strength in a tense situation, he made some surprising discoveries about the business of parenthood. It's a gripping, emotional story that will strike home in every Canadian family . . .

Mildred was at the station to meet him. He took it for granted she'd ask why he was late. But she didn't. Mildred was filled with other worries.

"I didn't tell June dinner would be late but she hasn't returned yet," she said. "Craig, I wish you'd speak to her. She always pays more attention to you than to me."

"What's the trouble?"

"It's that odious Teddy Ladd. I find that he called for her and took her to the movies. I've asked her

not to go out with him so much. Well, going to the movies in itself isn't so bad. But she's not home yet. That means they went somewhere after the movies and probably to that disgusting Riverside Inn. All the younger crowd thinks it's smart to go there."

"Teddy Ladd isn't so young."

"That's the worst of it. If June had gone with one of the boys of her own age it wouldn't be so bad. Some of the women up here have made such fools of themselves over Teddy that June is flattered that he should pay any attention to her. Why doesn't he stick to the married women he's been dancing attendance on for the last fifteen years and leave June alone? He's turned her head. Seventeen is such a silly age anyway. You'll talk to her, won't you?"

"All right," he agreed reluctantly. He couldn't take Teddy Ladd seriously. Teddy played the piano well and sang to his own accompaniment little songs slightly off-color and slightly off-key. He was a perpetual youth as well as a perpetual playboy. He looked twenty-five but, actually, he must be close to forty. "Mentally, I don't believe he's any older than June," Craig thought. But that was no reason why June should run around with him constantly. Maybe Teddy was harmless but there was something a little unwholesome about him.

JUNE CAME in at eight, just after they'd sat down to dinner. Junior had had his dinner long since.

June looked flushed and dishevelled—and prettier than ever. Her blonde hair was tousled; she wore a knitted dress of bright yellow with a brown scarf knotted awry around her slender throat.

"June, do you know it's eight o'clock?" Mildred asked. "Where have you been?"

June tossed her brown beret on a chair, asked, "I don't have to change my clothes, do I?" sat down and pulled a dish of pickles toward her. "Ummm!" she said, "I love these. Are they sweet or sour?"

"Have you been at the Riverside Inn?" Mildred asked.

"Yes," June said. "What of it?"

"What of it! You know I've asked you not to go there."

"Oh, mother!" said June, "All the crowd was there. We had such fun."

"Was Teddy Ladd there?"

"Of course he was there."

"Did you have anything to drink?"

"Only a little sherry."

"June, you know I've told you—"

June rose. Her lovely young face was distorted, no longer lovely. "If you think I'm going to stand for all these silly questions," she said, "when I've just been trying to have a little fun in this poky old place, well—" her further remarks were blurred with tears and she rushed from the room, her arm over her eyes. June hated to cry, hated to be seen crying anyway.

"There!" said Mildred to Craig, "You see! You'll have to give her a good talking to."

After dinner, Craig climbed the stairs slowly. He knocked on the closed door of June's room.

"Who is it?" she demanded belligerently.

"It's daddy."

"Oh, well, come in."

She was sitting up in bed. Her eyes were red, her face smeared. She looked very young.

Craig came in and sat on the bed beside her. "I suppose you've come to finish the lecture," she said defiantly.

"No, I haven't June, but I don't think Teddy Ladd is—what shall we say?—exactly your speed."

"Oh, daddy, he's such fun," said June. "He makes all the other boys—I mean the boys nearer my own age—seem so stupid. I don't see why mother's so down on him. She's been glad enough to have him for dinner here when she's needed an extra man. What's made her change so?"

"She believes he's paying too much attention to you. And, after all June, he's lots older than you are."

"Maybe mother's jealous that he's been paying attention to me and not to her."

Craig laughed. "June, now you're being ridiculous and you know you're being ridiculous."

Then June laughed, too. "Yes, I guess I do know I am," she admitted. "But mother never understands anything. She never understands a person's got to have a little fun, really's got to."

Craig didn't say anything. He wondered what Mildred would think, what June would think, too, if they knew he, too, wanted a little fun. If they knew he'd been to Daphne Morrison's apartment that afternoon. And that he was going to dinner with Daphne Morrison on Monday night.

"Well, I suppose it's all right to have a little fun, June," he said at last, and reflectively, "if you don't let yourself be too idiotic about it. If—if you don't lose your head."

"All right," June said, "I won't"—and then suddenly she threw her arms around him and hugged him. "Nice daddy!" she said.

THE HIDDEN CREEK Country Club was giving its first dance of the spring season on Saturday night. Craig and Mildred were going. June was going. Everybody that Mildred considered anybody in her set was going.

"But I told June she was to come home at twelve sharp," said Mildred. "And I told her she wasn't to dance more than two dances with Teddy Ladd."

"I think maybe you ride June a little too hard," said Craig.

[Continued on page 34]

June slumped wearily on the stool. "I guess because you've never played around with other men's wives, daddy . . . I had to be decent, too," she said.





Craig hesitated, then blurted forth, "You know I'm married, don't you?" Daphne looked at him for a moment, "Yes, I know," she said.

Illustrated by Morton Stoope

# MEAL TICKET

by OSCAR GRAEVE

THE TELEPHONE rang. His secretary answered it at the extension on her desk. "Who is it?" she asked. "Won't you please give me the name?" Then she looked disapproving, put her hand over the mouthpiece, turned and said—disapprovingly, too, "It's a woman. She won't give her name. She says it's personal." He picked up the receiver. "Hello," he said brusquely. "Hello, Mr. Quinby," said the woman's voice, and it was a low, pleasantly modulated voice, "It's Daphne Morrison. Do you remember me?"

"Yes, of course I remember," he said. He remembered all right.

"You said you'd drop in for tea some afternoon, but you've never done it."

"Well—"

"What about this afternoon at five or so? Bring a friend if you like. Nadine, the girl I live with, will be here. It will be jolly to make it a foursome."

"Well—"

"Please come. I do want to see you again."

"All right."

"I'll give you my address."

He scribbled the address on a scrap of paper and slipped it into his coat pocket. He hoped his secretary wasn't watching him. She wasn't used to anything like this.

He'd wait until she was out of the office and then telephone and ask Dan Barclay to go with him to Daphne Morrison's. Dan was always eager for adventures of the

sort where pretty girls were involved. And he'd telephone home and say he'd be on the six-thirty not the five-fifteen.

It was curious that Daphne Morrison should telephone him today. Yesterday he would have said, "No." Every yesterday he would have said, "No." Craig Quinby thought, "His first false step." And it was! For twenty years he had been a model husband and father. Twenty years of rectitude, one day of rebellion. This day! It was funny.

Maybe it was just the spring that had got into his blood, gone to his head. No, it wasn't only that. There had been other springs. No, he'd been thinking things over. That was the trouble. All the ride from Oakdale to Toronto this morning, instead of reading his paper, he'd been thinking things over. Brooding. It was stupid of him. Futile. Yet there it was. Maybe Mildred had precipitated his mood by saying so carelessly, "If business is so much better, can't we get that coupé? A second car is so convenient."

That's the way they asked for things—all three of them. June and Junior as well as Mildred. Carelessly. Taking it for granted that the things they asked for would be given them. Junior's private school, his riding lessons; June's school, her clothes. "She's getting to be a young lady now," Mildred said, as if that explained innumerable extravagances. Mildred's insatiable desire to entertain, to be entertained. "You can't drop out of things," Mildred said. Even during the depths of the depression, there had been little let up in their demands. Like all women in her set in

Oakdale, Mildred talked hard times but she made few concessions. "I suppose I can make my mink coat last another year," she said, with an air of resignation.

True, now, business was better. Definitely so. "Perhaps that's what's the trouble with me," Craig thought. With business improving he was able for the first time in six years—or was it seven?—to stop worrying, to stop figuring. He had a breathing spell. For the first time he was able to look up from his work, as it were, and gaze around and ask himself what it was all about. What was it all about? For what had he slaved and suffered? What was he getting out of it? What the deuce was he getting out of it?

A meal ticket, that's what he was. And they didn't understand what he'd been through, what all businessmen had been through. The constant strain, the nervous tension. They didn't care. They didn't understand—anything! Or so it sometimes seemed. They lived in a world of their own shut off from the workaday world. Outside their little world there were shouts and alarms—millions on relief, millions unemployed, starvation, strikes, floods, drought, even threats of revolution. They could hear these shouts in the distance, they couldn't escape hearing them, but they did not penetrate their consciousness. They went their own careless, comfortable way. "A second car is so convenient," Mildred said.

Why, Mildred didn't even know how close they were to losing their home—their home in which she took such pride. "I think it's attractive when you consider originally



*Sharing one roof and one name; yet strangers at a time of crisis. Proving once again that home is invariably where the heart listeth*

Kit could feel she was beginning to recede from them; and in a moment or two she had been dropped completely out of their world.

now there was a certain wariness under their warmth, the memory of old conflicts. Yet she owed a great deal to her older sister, Kit sometimes reflected. The very toughness and tenacity that made her something of a success in New York had been developed through long resistance to Callie's overriding will. Because Callie was possessive and overreaching, Kit had learned to be independent and detached. Because Callie was demanding, Kit knew how to withhold. Even her ability to keep her temper and hold her tongue and never give herself away was a gift from Callie.

In New York, Kit was on the advertising staff of a big departmental store. She drew a large salary and earned it, working often till she was ready to drop and then working on for hours, on her nerves. Everything was for her job. When she played golf or took a week-end in the country, it was to keep herself fit for it. Friendship, love and leisure came under the head of necessary relaxation. Even the changing seasons for Kit meant simply changing fashion trends. It was an exacting life, but at the same time impersonal and curiously even. There was more freedom, more actual space and peace in her little three-room apartment than in the whole of this big old house.

As long as Callie was in the house she seemed to fill every room. Even inanimate things sprang into strident life at her touch. The radio shouted and clamored, egg beaters whirled furiously, the vacuum-cleaner rode the house like a Valkyrie. Gil detested the vacuum-cleaner and fumed helplessly about it, but Callie adored it; it was her chosen instrument, combining miraculously the maximum of cleanliness and commotion. There would be violent disputes, then Gil would go out and slam the front door and Daisy would retreat into her room like a mouse into a hole. "And I promised to stay a week!" Kit thought in dismay.

Even Daisy worried her in those first few days. She was so quiet, slipping in and out without a word. Kit was aware of her not so much from the sound of her coming and going

as from the odd discomfiture caused by her voiceless little presence. She was slight, vague and watchful, like a polite little ghost. Perfectly harmless but curiously disturbing.

Yet Daisy liked her, she was sure. Her eyes would meet Kit's with a quick smile, shy but unexpectedly warm. She would really like to do something for Daisy, Kit thought. At moments she even entertained the idea of taking her back to New York with her. It would be interesting, she thought, to immerse Daisy in New York as in some magic solution and then wait to see what would emerge on that blank and innocent surface. There was something about her niece's docility and dependence that stirred in her some latent sense of chivalry. But, after all—chivalry! thought Kit. What was chivalry but just a noble form of meddling in other people's business?

CALLIE SAID to her one afternoon. "I wish you'd get better acquainted with Daisy."

Kit laughed. "You forget I'm her aunt." She and Callie were together in the kitchen where Callie was preserving spiced pears. She picked up a pear and began peeling it. She always felt at home with Callie in her kitchen. Here, where everything was action, order and energy, Callie belonged. Across the wide room the stove shone black and silver, a row of crab-apple jars on the windowsill flashed crimson in the sunshine. It might have been the kitchen of twenty-five years ago. The very air, with its sharp mingled fragrance of ginger-root and vinegar and boiling sugar, was quick with the past.

"Heavens, Kit, you'd be forever," Callie said and snatched the pear away from her. "I've been wanting to talk to you about Daisy," she said. "Her father and I are worried about her." Her round face had grown suddenly serious. "Daisy's got interested in a man we don't altogether approve of. A widower with a little boy."

"A widower!" Kit saw him in a flash—dry, middle-aged,

wearing as weeds his air of neglect and grief, of dedication to the past.

"And she's barely twenty-one," Callie said indignantly. "Really, twenty-one!" Kit said. She was silent a moment. Then she said cautiously. "Is there anything wrong with him? I mean apart from his being a widower with a family?"

"He's not making enough to keep her," Callie said. "At least not properly. And I'm not going to have him hanging round spoiling all her chances. I've told them both it's simply out of the question."

Kit shook her head. "And now I suppose they're meeting each other under the clock in the public library."

Callie said sharply, "Has Daisy been talking to you?" "Hardly," Kit said, and laughed. "She once asked me if I'd been to the top of the Empire State Building, and I told her the day I was there the elevator wasn't running. I think that's about as far as we've got in exchanging intimacies."

But Callie didn't laugh. "She would talk to you," she said. "She thinks the sun just rises and sets on her Auntie Kit." She added, "If you'd just get her talking some time and then show her how foolish—perhaps just make a little quiet fun of the whole idea—"

"But I don't even know him," Kit protested. "I don't even know Daisy. Honestly, Callie, I'd feel I had just about as much right to go up to a perfect stranger in the subway or on a bus and start making a little quiet fun of her young man."

"That's perfect nonsense!" Callie said indignantly. "Why Daisy's your own."

Kit shook her head. Actually she felt as little human relationship to Daisy as to the ghost of wind that was wandering through the kitchen or the light that wavered and vanished over the wall.

"You'd feel differently if you were a mother yourself," Callie said.

[Continued on page 31]

Illustrated by Stanley Parkhouse

# FAMILY AFFAIR

by

MARY LOWREY ROSS



IT WAS exactly like going back to mother's in the old days, Kit thought. The same sense of mingled homecoming and alienation. And Callie, her sister, had grown in the last five years into the very shape and pattern of mother herself, that brisk little woman who had winked out of life so suddenly as to leave, in Kit's mind at least, a sense not so much of loss as of profound astonishment.

"You girls that don't go in for marriage and babies certainly keep your figures," Callie said. "Look at me, I'm going to apply soon for the fat lady in the circus."

Kit smiled rather vaguely. What she really wanted was to be left alone for a little while in this long old room that held so much of her childhood. It was exactly the same. The same array of ornaments, photographs, vases, paperweights and the angry little plaster Beethoven on top of the piano, all perfectly unrelated except by some propriety of family feeling. Even that odd remembered smell of Sunday morning. For a moment she was really moved by it, feeling toward the familiar room very much as one does toward someone who has died, leaving one free at last to remember with nothing but affection and respect.

Callie turned to her husband. "Where's Daisy, Gil?" she said. "Go and get her. She'll want to see her Auntie Kit."

But at that moment the door opened and Daisy herself came in. She came up slowly and a little shyly and slipped her hand into Kit's. She must be, thought Kit, nearly twenty. And yet at the sight of her, it was suddenly twenty-five years ago and Kit was seeing herself in this very room; a small discomfited girl standing before someone who wore a striped silk bodice and a heavy gold chain from which dangled a rabbit's foot in a golden socket. A remote, admonishing presence. An aunt.

"Well, what do you think of her?" Callie said. "Straighten up, daughter. I don't want Auntie Kit to think a child of mine has a hump. Which of us is she like, do you think?"

There wasn't a trace of Callie about her, and very little of Gil—except perhaps his rather heavy good looks distilled down to this slight feminine essence. Her hair, which was just beginning to darken to brown, was worn rather long and cut straight across her forehead, giving her a charming look, at once childish and formal, like a court page or a herald in a play. Her dark eyes were as astonishing as ever.

"Much better looking than either of you," Kit said. It was exactly the sort of thing Aunt Kate would have said, at the bland beginning of one of her awful visits. The

relationship insisted on asserting itself. It was there even in the pressure, authoritative and firm, of her hand on Daisy's.

"Well, dinner's waiting," Callie said. And Kit dropped the hand with deep relief and followed her sister across the hall.

Dinner in the long brown dining-room was a piece cut solidly out of the past. There was the meal—a company meal. Soup very smooth and rich, a glossy dark goose, pudding with a sweet maroon-colored sauce—hot oven food that gave one a sense first of superb enrichment, then of gentle stupefaction. And there was Callie, in shape and function so exactly like mother, ladling, dispensing, directing.

The telephone rang. "You run and answer it, Daisy," Callie said. "And if it's that beau of yours, you can just tell him you're at your dinner."

"It won't be," Daisy said in her quiet little voice. She went out into the hall to the telephone. Callie sat listening, her look passing from apprehension to relief, from relief to indignation.

"It's that Mrs. Rourke," she said to Gil. "She's called three times. I put her number down on the pad and underlined it. And all you have to do is look at the pad the minute you come into the house—"

"Must you shout?" Gil said.

Callie turned to Kit. "His own patients! They could be dead half a dozen times." Gil rose, very deliberately crossed the room, fastidiously shut the door. He had the actor's power of giving everything he did a symbolic enrichment. "Family!" thought Kit. It was black magic. Half an hour before she had been herself, self-contained and free. And almost the moment she crossed the family threshold everything had changed. She had become stuffy and august, Daisy's aunt, the repository of family confidence, the accepted witness of the struggle between Callie

and Gil that had begun with the beginning of their marriage and would go on forever. Even when they were dead, she thought, and buried side by side, the grass above their graves would still stir faintly with their forgotten controversy.

Gil came back and sat down. Callie fumed. "It isn't too much to ask you to take that much interest when I do all the running to the phone. It's a wonder to me we're not all on relief. . . . Finish up what's on your plate, Daisy, I hate a messy plate. More of the sauce, Kit. Daisy, run out to the kitchen and get more sauce."

Kit went on eating with a feeling that all the richness and sweetness of the food were mounting to her head, so that she saw everything with the strangest mingling of clarity and confusion; saw Callie, herself invulnerable, brandishing her strength and ruthlessness at the head of the table; felt Gil's haughty rage, Daisy's stilled withdrawal; watched with a curious helplessness, her own heaped plate returning and returning, like some disturbing symbol in a dream.

It was over at last, and she and Callie were together in the garden. Its outlines were already faintly shadowed, but the flushed brick wall and the zinnias and fiery phlox burned suddenly in the fading light. In the house Gil was at the piano playing Beethoven, broodingly, with climaxes of grandiose fury. The colored air about them seemed to rock with the defiant crash of sound. He had always, Kit remembered, taken out his sense of domestic outrage on the piano. "He might have been a great artist if he hadn't gone in for medicine," Callie said solemnly. She laid her hand on Kit's arm and Kit turned to find her sister's eyes filled with tears of feeling. "Oh, Kit, you should get married!" Callie said. "You miss so much, dear. All the very best things in life."

THEY HAD never got along very well together, she and Callie. As girls they had quarrelled incessantly and even

# HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

by DR. BENGE ATLEE

*Are you on edge? Do people think you're neurotic? Then you need a mental house-cleaning! Here it is . . .*

PROBABLY no group of human sufferers is more maligned, worse treated, or less understood than people with "nerves." When we say of a person: "Oh, she's one of the nervous type," or "She's just another neurotic," we do so with a certain exasperation that betrays our instinctive conviction that these people are being purposely wayward, and are entirely to blame for their sad state. On the other hand some of us, in even greater ignorance, surround them with a misplaced sympathy that is the very fuel on which the fire of their neurosis feeds. Through these tragic misconceptions thousands of unhappy men, women and children are being pushed farther into the pallid valleys of despair, are being broken on the wheel of life, and filling in a constantly rising flood our mental institutions.

What are "nerves?" They are manifestations of a neurosis. But deeper than that they are straws in the wind indicating a profound maladjustment to life, and affect nations as well as individuals. In that co-operation between individuals which makes social life possible, there is an eternal conflict between the wish of the individual to do the thing desired and the necessity that the individual shall not do those things which will militate against the common good.

We are still at heart more or less savages, and, in our hearts as well as our deeds, we are constantly rebelling against the social contract. This rebellion arises, as I have said, partly out of a sense of frustration; but also because we are afraid of trusting our egos completely to the untender mercies of the herd at large. Probably most of us come to a more or less satisfactory compromise with society, but some cannot. Of the latter, part will make their protest socially useful by leading movements to clear slums, to free slaves, or to upset outworn and unjust social and economic practices. The rest, failing to find such an outlet for their egos, will retreat from the struggle—will escape into a neurosis. A person then develops a neurosis in order to escape from life. She takes on symptoms, the outer garments of sickness; these are her alibi. She can now say to society: "Look, I am sick! I can no longer co-operate!" And society, of course, does not expect the sick to face the real music of life.

But here is an important and too often overlooked point: She does not undertake this escape through a deliberate conscious effort of will. The thing takes place in her subconscious mind. She no more wills to develop a neurosis than the woman who, having been brought up in an unhealthy home and living an unhygienic life, wills to develop tuberculosis. She is as unaware of what is happening to her as she would be of tubercle bacilli fastening themselves in the tissues of her lungs. It is failure to grasp this very important fact that causes us to treat the neurotic so unjustly.

BUT WHY ARE women particularly apt to become neurotics? For two reasons. First, because there is more conflict between society and a woman's ego, than between society and a man's. Second, because a woman is less well



prepared by her upbringing to face the realities of life than a man. Let's discuss these in turn. What do I mean by saying that there is more conflict between a woman's ego and society, than between a man's and society? I mean that women get a rawer deal than men. No matter how loud our protestations that women are equal with men, the truth is that they are not really treated as such.

If the woman is a housewife, she is made to feel that the work she does matters less to society than the work her husband does. If she is in business she must work harder than, and accomplish more than the man, in order to be accepted even grudgingly by men on terms of equality. I know of two able women, university graduates, who have built up useful new departments, one in a university, one in a large business house, only to find themselves superseded by men, not because they had not done a good job, or because their superseders were abler, but because they had made the department so important that it was felt a man should *nominally* be at its head! All this adds enormously to the conflict between a woman's ego and society.

Where shall she escape from this injustice? If she has the

strength of ten, she can struggle against the odds and keep the flame of hope burning. If she is philosophical enough she may accept the inevitable and learn the gift of irony. But if she can do neither, she may try to escape—and her escape may take the form of a neurosis.

Which brings us to the second reason why women have "nerves." By and large it can be said that the upbringing of the average girl is not as competent to fit her for life as the upbringing of the average boy. For one thing, her disciplining to life is surrounded by a great many more taboos (many of them silly) than a boy's is. Every extra "don't" increases the heat of her conflict with society. She must repress so many of her natural desires, only to see these same desires given ample rein in her brother.

If the family can afford only one college education he gets it. His experiments in sex are surrounded by far less social danger, and his sexual functions cause him far less disability. He can go out and choose his female partners, but she must refrain from showing the barest indication of her hand. In countless ways, not entirely open to her, he is brought into touch with the realities [Continued on page 29]



From left to right: John Howard, James Garret, Polly Rowles, Henry Hunter, Mary Alice Rice, and Frances Farmer.

# STAY HOME if you want to be a STAR

by LOTTA C. DEMPSEY



**T**HE SHORTEST cut to Hollywood is down your own main street to your own local dramatic club or play group. And that goes for Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Montreal—or whatever Canadian city you happen to live in.

Don't go to California.

Don't go to New York.

If you want to be a star . . . stay at home and achieve prominence in your own town. Then, if you're that one in a million who has flair, personality, dramatic ability and the indefinable sixth sense which puts you over with the public . . . the movie scouts will come and get you.

Lucille Ryman hands out the advice in no uncertain terms. And she's hunting for Canadian talent for the movies. Universal Pictures Corporation sent her out from Hollywood recently to comb the Dominion for starring material. She's the first of a whole invasion of emissaries from leading companies in the talkie industry who will come to Canada within the next year in a desperate hunt for new faces and fresh personalities. She says so, and Universal offices in Hollywood and New York stand strongly behind her. It's straight from headquarters.

True enough, you don't have to be beautiful to get into the movies. But you have to be something much more difficult; you have to be a lady. It's the new edict of a more grown-up movie world; the new demand of a more cultured audience. That's why Miss Ryman goes from railway station to university, when she visits a new town. Or practically.

was in Toronto recently came from a woman with a strong nasal twang to her shrill voice. "D'yu haffta be edicated to get into the movies?" she asked.

"Yes!" said the talent scout. And she's saying it over and over as she goes about through Canada. Up to Montreal to see a university musical revue; on to Quebec City to look at French-Canadian types; through the crowds at the Toronto Winter Fair to watch brilliant young sportswomen ride; into coming-out parties to look at the season's new deb's.

Refinement . . . grace . . . charm . . . good voice. Almost of greatest importance is good voice. She can't make out the Canadian accent. Everyone speaks differently. There's no colloquial undertone; no similarity of inflection.

"And a good thing, too—it's a good point to start from. We have great difficulty with girls from states in which there is a very definite manner of speaking. They have so much to unlearn. You Canadians start from scratch," she points out.

But a soft, well-modulated voice, preferably with a good singing tone, is tremendously important, whatever one's accent.

Miss Ryman has come to Canada on a definite, clear-cut mission. She wants a girl to play the leading part in "Phantom of the Opera." It's a singing rôle. And while she's hunting for that one individual, she's got a weather eye out for other types. She would like a new male lead. "Tall, dark and handsome—although the handsome is of

secondary importance," she says, her keen brown eyes smiling. "He can be anywhere from 5' 10½" up. Gary Cooper's 6' 4"—so the sky's the limit. He can be between 25 and 35 years of age. A younger man suffers rather than benefits from his youth. Robert Taylor, for instance, grows more interesting as he gets older. His extreme youth was a handicap at first. Such men as Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard prove that the passing of years detracts little from a man's hold on the public, if he has ability and charm."

But Hollywood isn't interested in women over 25. Certainly not as picture prospects, upon whom years of expensive publicity and elaborate build-up must be spent. At that age, the moguls feel, a woman begins to show her age—to look mature. And so far, there's no place for a new movie star who isn't just budding into lovely womanhood. The preferred height for a girl is 5' 4" to 5' 5½". The too-short girl is too prone to develop dumppiness. The too tall can't be screen-mated easily enough. Her leading men may be too short.

But every rule, especially in Hollywood, is made to be broken. Polly Rowles walked into Miss Ryman's hotel suite in an American city recently. Miss Ryman looked at her. "This is IT," she said, simply. Polly Rowles was 5' 8", but she had that indefinable quality which makes a man or woman stand out among his or her fellows; call it personality or what you will. She was put into the leading rôle in "Love Letters of a Star."

"I'm looking for a Canadian girl," said Miss Ryman, speculatively, "who is like Myrna Loy—yet very definitely isn't the Myrna Loy type. Can you understand that? Hollywood is full of imitation Garbos and Harlows and Loys. We want the sort of girl who is as much herself as Myrna Loy is Myrna Loy. She isn't an imitation of anyone. And who represents in her own distinctive way the kind of girl a man would like for his wife or sweetheart. Although women really pick out the entertainment, and we must very definitely choose our men stars to suit them . . . Myrna Loy and that type of star certainly won't make any woman mad, will she? And she draws the men!"

**HOW CAN YOU** tell whether you'd be a good movie prospect? Well—first of all, there are the qualifications already listed. Then—if your friends say when you have a photograph or a snap taken, "Goodness, your photographs flatter you!" Or "My but you take a good picture," that's an indication that you photograph well. And no matter how beautiful you are, if you don't take a good photograph, you won't be much use to the movies [Continued on page 47]



*In which Ann learns that  
it's easier for a woman to  
outdistance her own shadow  
than run away from love*

"Conscience!" Tillie's snort said plainly that that was not a word she knew.

Ann rolled over on the sand and looked up at Tillie, sitting so straight and clean-cut in her immaculate white wool. She said impulsively, "Why don't you marry, Tillie? Have companionship. You can."

Again the snort. "Can!"

Then the thin faint smile Ann had come to know broke the long lines of Tillie's face. "Me, sleep with a man? Do these clothes delude even you? Well, they don't me. Under my high-necked cambric nightgown I'm still just Tillie, old Prospector Bruce's girl, the homeliest female in Prairie County. No, Ann. Now, when I buy Fitzzy's liquor and pay his gambling debts, he has to thank me."

A wise woman, Tillie, Ann thought. Never gives herself away. I'll never know, I suppose, whether she really cares for me or not.

And then one day, Tillie called Ann to her to introduce her to someone. "Mrs. Kennedy—my daughter, Mrs. Farrington."

Ann threw up her head, startled. Her eyes flew to Tillie's. There was sudden color in the old face, guilt in the eyes that looked quickly away. It had been a slip—

accidental, unconscious; but it had been thought as well as said.

Ann, feeling herself close to tears, slid her hand into Tillie's, gripping the bony, cold fingers. Tillie turned on her.

"Just a doting old woman," she said.

KERRY HAD moved in, and was living with Stephen. It had begun soon after she had left. "When you come back, Ann," Stephen wrote, "you'll see that Kerry's just the same. It's great company having him here." It was the burden of Stephen's letters: When you come back, Ann, you'll see how wrong you were.

Ann, her head hidden in her arms in the sand, would lie and think, "Doesn't Stephen know? Doesn't he see? Doesn't he understand that we must let Kerry go? That I must, I must, forget him, put him out of my life, not think of him?" And not thinking of him she would think: Was he sleeping in her bed, the bed beside Stephen? She saw him asleep, there. Did he sleep with his hand under his cheek, like Stephen?

Then Stephen's letters forgot Kerry. He wrote very briefly, but there was an intensity in the letters, new to

"Tillie, I've come to say . . .  
Oh, Tillie! Did you invite  
that cheap girl here last  
night purposely? Was that  
kind?" "You needed a  
purge, Ann."

Ann. "Ann, I think that I am on the track of something." And then, one morning, a telegram: "Can you come home? Success. Can't wait show you first."

She took it to Tillie, but Tillie didn't need to read it. She merely looked up at Ann and then said, "So it's time to go home, is it? Tell Hannah we'll leave after lunch."

ANN COULD smell the spring as they drove into town in the early darkness. There would be snow again, but for all that the earth was smelling richly, darkly, promisingly. The sight of the lit windows of her house were almost more than she could bear; and just to touch Stephen himself was being all home at last.

She looked at him almost wonderingly, as if he had changed. She had come home a little guiltily, feeling too bouncingly well and brown, remembering Stephen's thinness and colorlessness; but coming back to him it seemed to her that it was he who was alive. He was shining with it. He was impatient even to put Juddy down—a thing she had never seen.

"Look, Ann."

He drew her to the table, and with a steady hand shook out a small dust of what looked like dull grey powder on to the living-room table. It lay there, undramatic, colorless, wholly without meaning or life.

"Synthetic enzymes," said Stephen. "Made in the laboratory."

She tried to think of something to say. She knew how terribly important this was, but she felt totally inadequate to it.

"I wanted you to be the very first to know, Ann. But Kerry guessed—I suppose I must have showed it—I was bursting with it; and so then I told Manning, too. But I wanted to hold it in, to have you the first to know."

And I am hopelessly, childishly inadequate. I don't even fully understand, thought Ann, and tried desperately, clinging to Stephen's hand, to make of her love and her pride in him a substitute.

He turned and smiled at her, his eyes deep beyond belief. "And yet it isn't so important to me as to have you home."

"But what does it mean, Stephen, really?"

"To be able to manufacture starch, sugar, in the laboratory? Why, Ann—its possibilities are endless. It will revolutionize the world, in time. Not now—not for a long time, probably. It was terribly expensive to make just this little bit you see here. But," and his voice changed, deepened, "you do see it. That's the thing."

Unpacking, touching again her loved and familiar home, she wanted to ask how this discovery would affect them, personally. Was it a private and personal discovery, or did it belong to the university? Was it to be patented, or something like that, and make them, perhaps, rich? She could not ask those things; she knew they would seem to Stephen puerile beside the clear white light of the successful scientific experiment.

It was too big, or she understood too little, Ann could not tell which. Moving about the house she could not retain the sense of the importance of Stephen's discovery. It was as if someone had told her he had discovered the north pole; the only thing she could feel about it was her inability to comprehend it. It was of less significance to her than the intrusively near knowledge that Kerry had lived in the house a month, and his indefinable presence was everywhere—in the music on the piano, in the empty coat hangers in the closet, in the tag of alien soap in the bathroom. It made her ashamed, and it made her fearful: now that she had seen Stephen, had felt him with her hands, she was filled with this equal wish to see Kerry. Had she learned nothing this past month? Had the image of Marion Kent's face, constantly before her eyes, done no good at all?

Well, it had, a little. For when Kerry came, in the evening, she could still the sudden tumult in her that the thrill of his instant coming brought to her, and answer his eager greeting with just the right blend of friendliness and remoteness. But it was an assumed manner, and she knew instantly that he perceived it was assumed.

She was charming and sparkling and gay, and faintly unapproachable; and she could see [Continued on page 20]

## What Has Gone Before

Lovely Ann Farrington is snapped out of her boredom as wife of a Professor of Chemistry in a small University by the dashing attentions of Irish, impetuous Major Kerry Maclouth. Together they give a perfect riding exhibition in the socially important horse show, and Ann, goaded by Kerry's attention to an unknown girl, takes a dangerous high jump. Gradually her love for the two men—her devotion to her husband, Stephen, her mounting desire for Kerry, reach a dangerous pitch. She nurses Stephen through a dangerous accident, and the feeling of estrangement from Kerry, which she first felt, is lost in a new and deeper tie of friendship among the three. Then she sees Kerry kissing an unknown girl. She meets him at a riding set party, where all are drinking, noisy. She herself does not understand the turmoil, the conflict within her. Is Kerry becoming more important than Stephen? She wonders if she could make Kerry care for her alone, if she tried . . . Now go on with the Story:

**K**ERRY was Stephen's friend. That fact was of far more importance than any of Ann's anger, or jealousy, or hurt. She must get hold of herself. Kerry had done nothing whatever at which she had any right to take personal offense. She had no claim on him that gave her the right to say that he should not flirt with or love whom he pleased, and that that flirtation or that loving should not take any form he pleased. What was it she wanted? To drag Kerry back to her by the means the dark Marion had used, getting the response she had got: was that what she wanted? If not, then of what had the episode of the little Marion robbed her?

Her pride in him was hurt. But was this Kerry, after all, any different from the one she had known he was? No. No, it was the concrete Marion that had upset her. It was because now she was more than a little in love with him that she had come to be jealous, demanding, hurt. The thought of his hands, which she had come to love, touching Marion, was like killing something in her.

She must pull herself together. To be jealous was to destroy that generous and near understanding that had sustained their every day. Yet the thought of Kerry, the memory of that loose disintegrated look on his face, was sickening to her. That warm and near understanding was gone; no use to fight to get it back.

As for her promise to Tillie, she could go now and say to her easily enough: Don't worry any more; if Marion Kent can have him, I don't want him. But don't I? The thought of the words and gestures of affection that she had given him sickened her. But wasn't that because she knew them to be the words and gestures of Julia, of Alicia? She could see Julia's face, and Alicia's, looking across the riding hall at her with sharp, enquiring jealousy. She was in the gallery with them, now.

That was the thought that was so murderously destructive. It had the power to pour a flood of rage through her that she had not thought possible. She was consumed by a passionate desire to punish Kerry. She could. She could make Stephen despise him. She could lead him on as successfully as the carmine-lipped Marion; then Stephen would believe how cheap he was, and despise him as he deserved.

And then—Kerry was Stephen's friend. Always, that thought returned to drain the rage from her and leave her empty. She was just being stupidly and furiously jealous, and jealous of a cheap girl. It was humiliating; and that, Ann knew, was the root of it. If it had been a lovely girl, such a girl as Ann herself—it was the cheap girl, dancing with Kerry, being held, being kissed, as Ann had been, that was intolerable!

She would talk to Tillie. Tillie would help her.

SHE FOUND the house in a state of Sunday calm; all evidences of there having been a party there for most of the night were completely evaporated. Fitzzy was sleeping it off. Tillie was reading the paper. Ann had time to see it was the stock market page, before the paper was closed.

"Tillie, I've come to say—Oh, Tillie! Did you invite that cheap girl here last night purposely? Was that kind?"

"You needed a purge, Ann."

"Well, I got it. You can congratulate yourself!" She could still be angry, looking into those thin, sad eyes. "But what of Stephen! I can destroy, I can't help but destroy, this thing that's been between Stephen and Kerry. I don't care if it hurts Kerry—but it will hurt Stephen. Stephen's never had a friend before." Passion and urgency were in Ann's tired voice.

"A friend?" asked Tillie.

"A friend," cried Ann, her voice breaking. "At least that was true!"

The woman's tired eyes were looking beyond Ann. She was feeling the strain of something, too. "Snowing again. I'm tired of snow. I'm going to Aiken, or perhaps Florida. Come with me, Ann? Please an old woman? Leaving tomorrow."

Ann closed her eyes. It would be heaven; just to relax, not to quarrel with herself any more, not to quarrel with Kerry, not to hurt Stephen. Through the dark ache of her mind Tillie's voice travelled thinly.

# Trial by Marriage •

by CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN



"Bring Juddy, if you like. New clothes, Ann. White clothes. Make a game of it. Dress alike—only, me all covered up to my ears, you half naked. Come into the dress-shop business with me, Ann. Shops at Lake Placid, Aiken, Palm Beach—"

Tears squeezed out under Ann's closed eyelids. "Tillie, why do you do these things for me?"

There was an empty silence, but Ann did not open her eyes. It seemed so restful to sit here in this chair, in this out-of-the-world house, in the midst of this Sunday, antimacassar peace. So she was not prepared:

"I had a daughter, once. She grew to be fifteen. She died of spinal meningitis in nineteen-eighteen."

Ann opened her eyes.

"She was quite pretty," said Tillie. "Can you be ready tomorrow? Go to New York, first."

"I'm so grateful," said Ann, and the words were a whisper.

SHE WENT WITHOUT seeing Kerry, and sick at heart for that reason, sick at herself that she could still so have wanted to see him. She told herself that she only wanted not to take away with her that last memory of his slackened

unsober face. She told herself she wanted it if only for Stephen's sake, so that they might all go on. But she knew that she wanted to know that, sobered, he had come flying back to her, apology on his lips, begging with his transparent eyes to be forgiven, to be reinstated in her affections. Apology? Reinstatement? For having done what? For having devoted himself at a dance to—Oh, I've gone all over that so many times, thought Ann wearily. I just want to see him, to say good-by, to try to carry away with me something besides this sickness of heart. That's all. Is that strange?

But her mind was a better counsellor. Be grateful to this girl, it told her; she has helped you escape. You are grieving only because Kerry is Kerry. He is still there if you want him—But you don't really want him. You're ashamed of wanting him. No help for that loss, but just to get over it.

Well, lying on a golden beach, playing in the sand with Juddy, swimming in a white-ruffled green ocean, wearing the right clothes always, eating the right food, riding expensive horses, playing tennis or golf or dancing with expensive young men: "I'll never be fit to be a faculty wife and make my own clothes again, Tillie. Doesn't your conscience hurt you?"

None  
of this—



or this—



or this—



Simply this—



~ and, how good it is !



21 kinds to  
choose from ..

Asparagus  
Bean with Bacon  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken with Rice  
Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
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Mushroom (Cream of)  
Mutton  
Noodle with Chicken  
Ox Tail  
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Tomato  
Vegetable  
Vegetable-Beef

LOOK FOR THE  
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Not hours of preparation—but minutes. Not day-end weariness—but youthful freshness when meal-time comes round. Not irksome marketing, nor bothersome dicing of vegetables, nor tedious cooking of the beef stock. Just slip the top off a can of Campbell's Vegetable Soup, add water, heat and serve.

The work has all been done for you in Campbell's Canadian kitchens. Skilled specialists have selected and prepared the fifteen different garden vegetables—simmered the delicious beef broth, slowly, to make it extra rich and nourishing—then cooked the vegetables and broth



together the good home way so that it tastes just like the best vegetable soup ever made in a home kitchen.

And one other important point—because Campbell's do make the soup doubly rich and nourishing, you must add the water yourself to bring the soup to the proper consistency and strength for the table. That's the reason why Campbell's Soups, though the finest in flavor, are so reasonable in cost.

Learn how delicious, hearty, satisfying and easily digested Campbell's Vegetable Soup is. Serve it for lunch tomorrow.



This is easy  
As can be.  
Campbell's give me  
Strength you see!

# Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

The original model was knit with twenty-four balls of Melon Pink Monarch Boucle—an enchanting costume for midwinter and early spring.



24 Balls Melon Pink Boucle  
1 Circular Needle No. 10  
1 Pair No. 9 Needles  
1 Pair No. 10 Needles  
1 Fine Bone Crochet Hook

#### SKIRT

Starting at bottom, with circular needle, cast on 330 sts. Join.

1st Round—Knit. 2nd Round—Purl. Repeat these 2 rounds, twice. Knit 1 round.

Start Panels—1st Round—\*\*K30, WO, K1, WO, K2tog, WO, K2tog, WO, K1, WO, K2, K2tog, K4, K2tog, K2, \*WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from \*, twice; K1, WO, repeat from \*\*, 5 times.

2nd Round, and every Alternate Round—(4th, 6th, 8th, 10th and 12th)—\*K30, K2tog, K23, K2tog, repeat from \*, 5 times.

3rd Round—\*\*K30, WO, K1, WO, K2tog, WO, K2tog, WO, K3, WO, K2, K2tog, K2, K2tog, K2, \*WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from \*, twice; K1, WO, repeat from \*\*, 5 times.

5th Round—\*\*K30, WO, K1, WO, K2tog, WO, K2tog, WO, K5, WO, K2, K2tog, K2tog, K2, \*WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from \*, twice; K1, WO, repeat from \*\*, 5 times.

7th Round—\*\*K30, WO, K1, S1, K1, PSSO, \*WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from \*, once; WO, K2, K2tog, K4, K2tog, K2, WO, K1, WO, K2tog, WO, K2tog, WO, K1, WO, repeat from \*\*, 5 times.

9th Round—\*\*K30, WO, K1, S1, K1, PSSO, \*WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from \*, once; WO, K2, K2tog, K2, K2tog, K2, WO, K3, WO, K2tog, WO, K2tog, WO, K1, WO, repeat from \*\*, 5 times.

11th Round—\*\*K30, WO, K1, S1, K1, PSSO, \*WO, S1, K1, PSSO, repeat from \*, once; WO, K2, K2tog, K2tog, K2, WO, K5, WO, K2tog, WO, K2tog, WO, K1, WO, repeat from \*\*, 5 times.

Repeat these 12 rounds, 3 times.  
1st Decrease Round—\*K8, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K8, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times (thus having 2 sts. less in each plain panel). Work evenly for 3 inches.

2nd Decrease Round—\*K7, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K7, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 3 inches even.

3rd Decrease Round—\*K6, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K6, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 3 inches even.

4th Decrease Round—\*K5, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K5, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 2 inches even.

5th Decrease Round—\*K4, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K4, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 2 inches even.

6th Decrease Round—\*K3, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K3, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 2 inches even.

7th Decrease Round—\*K2, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K2, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 3 inches even.

8th Decrease Round—\*K1, K2tog, K10, K2tog, K1, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 1 inch even.

9th Decrease Round—\*K1, K2tog, K8, K2tog, K1, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 1 inch even.

# TWO-PIECE CHIC

*This stunning two-piece frock is the first of a series of knitting designs to be published*

10th Decrease Round—\*K1, K2tog, K6, K2tog, K1, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 1 inch even.

11th Decrease Round—\*K1, K2tog, K4, K2tog, K1, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, repeat from \*, 5 times. Work 1 inch even.

12th Decrease Round—\*K8, K2tog, repeat from \* around.

Work in ribbing (K1, P1) for 2 inches. Cast off.

Then without breaking wool, make BEADING thus: Work 5 chain, 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. of skirt. \*2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., repeat from \* around. 1 row of s.c., with 2 s.c. in each space.

Work 1 row of s.c. around bottom of skirt from wrong side and 1 row right side.

#### TUNIC

FRONT—Starting at bottom, with No. 10 needles, cast on 109 sts. Work 7 rows of garter stitch (all knit).

Purl 1 row and START PATTERN.

1st Row—K42, WO, K1, pattern 23 (same as panel in skirt), K1, WO, K42.

2nd Row and every Alternate Row—K1, P41, P2tog, P23, P2tog, P41, K1.

Continue in pattern until work measures 16 inches from beginning.

Shape Armhole by casting off 4 sts. at beginning of each of next 2 rows.

Next Row—S1, K1, PSSO, WO, S1, K1, PSSO, work to within 4, K2tog, WO, K2tog.

Next Row—Purl.

Repeat the last 2 rows until there are 22 decreasing. Divide at centre for opening and continue decreasing until there are 33 decreasing. Cast off.

Work other side to correspond.

BACK—Same as front, until there are 30 decreasing from underarm. Divide for neck. Cast off the 6 centre sts., work to end of row.

Next Row—K1, purl to end.

Next Row—Cast off 3; continue thus, until all sts. are used.

Work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES—Starting at bottom, cast on 41 sts. Work 7 rows of garter stitch. Purl 1 row.

Next Row—K8, WO, K1, pattern 23, K1, WO, K8.

Next Row—K1, P7, P2tog, P23, P2tog, P7, K1.

Continue thus, increasing 1 stitch at each end of needle every 6th row, until there are 87 sts. on needle.

Continue evenly until sleeve measures 18 inches from beginning.

Decrease same as front, until 11 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR—With No. 9 needles, cast on 120 sts. Work 3 rows of ribbing (K1, P1).

Next Row—\*K2, WO, K2tog, repeat from \* to end. Work 2 more rows of ribbing.

Next Row—K1, \*WO, K2tog, repeat from \*, ending K1. Repeat this row, 15 times. Cast off.

With right side of collar toward you and crochet hook, join wool in first stitch. \*Ch. 10, miss 1 stitch, slip stitch into next stitch, repeat from \* to end of collar.

GIRDLE—Take 24 three-yard lengths of wool, divide into 3 lots of 8, and plait, tying a knot 2½ inches from each end.

Work 1 row of single crochet around back opening, making 4 small loops for buttonholes on right side.

Sew all seams neatly and press lightly.

#### SIZE 34

Measurements of Finished Garments When Pressed—Skirt—Length from waist to bottom of skirt, 31 inches. All around at waist, 25 inches (with elastic). All around at hips, 34 inches. All around at bottom, 56 inches. Tunic—All around at underarm, 34 inches. From shoulder to bottom of garment, 23 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 18 inches.

Tension of Stitch—7 sts. = 1 inch. 9 rows = 1 inch.

# I Nursed the Quintuplets

*Miracle children today! But what of the future? Habit-training means sane, happy adulthood for the Dionne babies...and yours*

by MADAME  
LOUISE DE KIRILINE

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Nurse de Kiriline indulges in a moment of play with adorable Annette. But spoiling the babies is never permitted.

IT WAS just bedtime. All the babies had sipped their last drink of water and were tucked down in their new pink cots, each dark head looking like a ridiculously solitary peanut on a large pink and white expanse. We were going around for a last good-night kiss on the top of tousled curls or to indulge, for the last time that day, in the delicious caress of a roseleaf baby hand's gingerly touch on our cheek.

Annette looked adorable as she lay on her tummy, her head raised. With eager mischievous eyes she attentively followed all our movements in preparation for lights out. She did not look very sleepy. A thought suddenly flashed through my mind. How glad she would be if she could have a toy to play with. I stooped down over the playpen, selected Annette's favorite rattle and was just on the point of going over with it to her bed. She watched me with interest.

Then all at once the enormity of what I had been about to do struck me. In my thoughtless desire to please Annette I had nearly committed the sin of starting her off on the path of an undesirable habit—to go to bed with toys. I was less shocked by my own lack of common sense and foresight than by the ease with which one is apt to fall into the pitfalls of similar mistakes, deftly disguised into an act of loving tenderness, if one relaxes into the thoughtless indulgence of a momentary desire.

HOW EASY it is for babies to adopt a habit, good or bad. How readily they fall in with the various parts of a routine,

which is repeated every day. How unthought of it is to cry for want of a thing they have never experienced, for example a pacifier. How difficult and painful it is for the small child to break off an old habit which, ill-conceived from the beginning, has become even harmful.

The habit of regularity was well-nigh inherent in the Dionne babies. From the very beginning of their precarious existence they had been subject to punctuality. They always had their baths, their change of diapers at established periods. Their meals and feeding times, never under any pretext or by any excuse, were given earlier or later than the appointed time. If asleep, the babies were awakened for them. Yet no crying or peremptory demands caused them to be served before the hour. Nothing was indulged in just for this once. Bedtimes were bedtimes, sleeping times time for sleep, the exercise hour was the time for playing with toys and mealtimes the hour for eating.

This strict adherence to regularity of routine was not the fruit of an exaggerated idea of systematism akin to pedantry. It was simply a thoughtful help given to the babies to avoid boredom, irritability, overtiredness. It was a logical and effectual way of keeping the business of sleeping, eating and recreation in proper correlation to each other, so that the babies would eat when they were hungry, sleep when they were tired, and play when they were rested.

In this way there was no possibility for collisions to occur between the various categories of sensations, causing irritation, fatigue and over-excitement. For example, when

the baby has overslept its feeding time, it is likely to feel hungry to the point of irritation and, when at last it is offered food, it naturally feels like crying instead of eating. Or the wave of hunger reflex has gone past its height and the baby, having lost the keener urge for food, feels rather more inclined to play. The result of this irregularity is bound to be tears in the end. It is not right, nor is it a good expression of tenderness and love to expose the baby to discomforts and malaise, when so simple a thing as strict regularity can save it from this danger.

The five little girls seldom felt inclined to protest against anything that happened to them. Food came to them so regularly and just at the right time, that they scarcely ever felt hungry except just before the feeding time. Water was given to them at such suitable intervals that thirst was not one of the things which might have upset their benign good-nature. The habit of always sucking on something they never acquired and hence did not have to be eternally satisfied by such an atrocity as a pacifier.

There is no word strong enough to express the horror of the dirty thing; nor to tell the uselessness of this unclean habit. There is only one thing which it expresses to perfection, as it is seen dangling on a string around the neck of a poor baby or stuck, in all its germ-filled stickiness between the sweet lips of a baby mouth. It cries aloud of the inefficiency and unskillfulness in the care of her young of that mother, to whom the poor baby with the pacifier belongs. Her common sense, her motherly wisdom and her clever hands should be the

[Continued on page 36]

# A World of Flavour TO CHOOSE FROM



## Fish À LA REINE

2 Cups Canadian Fish (left over, canned or finely ground raw fish)  
1 Large or two small onions  
3 or 4 Medium sized potatoes  
Salt and pepper  
Flour  
1 Cup milk

Remove bones and flake the fish. Spread one half the amount in a buttered baking dish. Cover with thin slices of raw onion and on this place a generous layer of thinly sliced raw potato. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge well with flour. Repeat these three layers then pour in enough milk to show through the top layer. Dot with butter and bake at 375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit for about 45 minutes or until the potatoes are cooked.



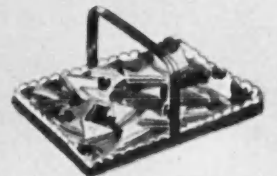
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And remember, whether you prefer sea foods or fresh water fish . . . whether you like Fish fresh, frozen, canned, smoked, dried or pickled . . . you can get your favourite in prime, appetizing condition through Canada's modern organized facilities.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES, OTTAWA



### FISH SANDWICHES

Combine cooked or canned fish with finely chopped celery and thinly sliced sweet gherkins. Salt and pepper, moisten with mayonnaise and spread between thin slices of bread. Cut sandwiches in interesting shapes.



### FISH SALAD PLATE

Separate the large "flakes" of canned or boiled fish (chilled) and arrange with cucumber slices on crisp lettuce. Garnish with slices of hard cooked egg, rings of green pepper and stuffed olives. Serve cold and crisp, accompanied by mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.



### OPEN FACED SANDWICHES

Combine canned or cooked fish from which all bones and skin have been removed, with boiled salad dressing and a little minced green pepper or pimiento. Season with salt and pepper and spread on rounds, fingers or triangles of buttered white or brown bread. Garnish with slices of cucumber, with slices or rings of hard cooked egg and with slices of stuffed olives.

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Ottawa, Canada

Please send me your free 52-page book, "Any Day a Fish Day", containing over 100 delightful Fish Recipes. CHAT.

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FISH IS ALWAYS IN SEASON

It's the

NEWEST Car in the  
Lowest Price Field



**P**EOPLE have a habit of expecting great things from the leader. So, when we designed Chevrolet for 1937, we aimed at a complete car—*completely new*.

**We changed the styling.** Created the new, thrilling Diamond Crown speedline beauty that swept to leadership in eye-appeal before our new car had been on the streets twenty-four hours!

**We built an entirely new kind of Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.** And, as you see it today on Chevrolet for 1937, it's the first All-Steel, All-Silent body ever offered on a car of lowest price. It has Safety glass in every window . . . wider seats and doors . . . and improved Fisher No-Draft Ventilation.

**We designed a new Valve-in-Head High-Compression Engine.** Gave it greater power for performance; new smooth-

ness for comfort; yet actually reduced operating costs to the lowest level in Chevrolet history!

**We improved every tested Chevrolet feature of other years.** Made the Hydraulic Brakes bigger for safety. Bettered even last year's gliding \*Knee-Action ride. Built in a new, low-slung, dependable Hypoid rear axle.

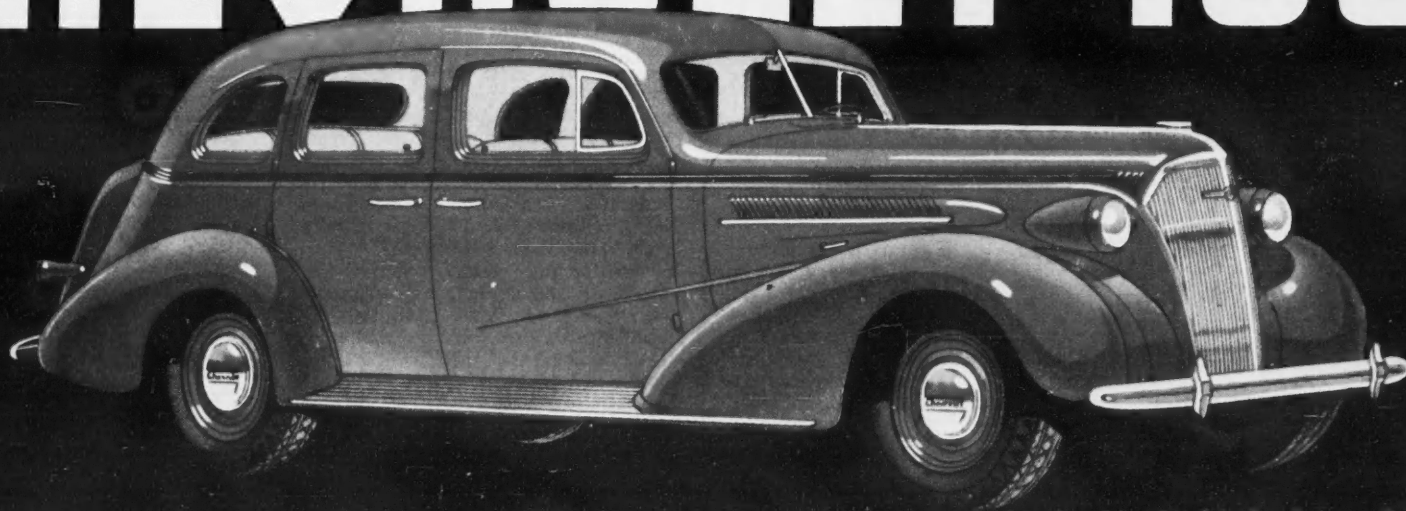
We didn't have to do all these things. But we've found that when you offer people all the things they want—and can't get elsewhere at the lowest prices—they have a habit of reciprocating. That's why Chevrolet leads in sales by as wide a margin as it leads in style and value!

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Monthly payments to suit your purse on  
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# CHEVROLET 1937



THE COMPLETE CAR — COMPLETELY NEW

## Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 15)

in Kerry's eyes a hint of anger growing. Anger! What right had he to be angry with her? Did he think he could just come back and find her ready to fall all over him?

She could tell, too, that Stephen was feeling the returned strain. It was in his silence, in his shadowed face. It was a relief when Kerry rose abruptly to go—and yet it hurt her sharply, and she could hardly restrain her hand from flying out to him, and her voice from begging him, "Don't go. Kerry, my dear—don't go."

But she held her hand and her voice to a cool and indifferent good night. Would it have been better, wouldn't it have eased her, to put her hand against his face, holding it an instant against hers, kissing him good night? Oh yes, it would have eased her. But it would have humiliated her to think she had yielded. No, this was better. If there was only her pride to protect her, still let it protect her from being in the gallery with Julia, with Alicia—with Marion.

She knew she had hurt Kerry; and she was glad. She knew she had driven him away—and that she wanted him.

Standing by her dressing table, her control deserted her.

"Stephen, I feel so utterly worthless. You can't believe how I feel! I've so looked forward to being back here again. I could hardly wait. I thought it would be the happiest moment of my whole life just to stand here with you. And instead—I can't appreciate what you've done, I can't comprehend, really, what you've accomplished. Why, even Kerry understands better than I do. I could hear it in his voice. All I could think of all evening was that I was still angry with Kerry, still hurt by him. It was nothing to me all the time I was gone, but now—here it is again."

"No, it isn't. It's past and forgotten. You'll see." His voice dropped, pleadingly. "Love me, Ann? Proud of me—a little?"

She lifted her face to his, holding him hungrily. "Love you? Proud of you? Stephen—oh, Stephen! You are the only person in the world who wholly matters."

But just the same, something ached in her, numbly.

THESE WERE days to be lived through, Ann found, one at a time. What was Kerry doing today?—don't let yourself think. Will he come in?—what does it matter; his near affection has left your life for good. When he does come in—perhaps today—be gay, be charming, but be impersonal, let him feel what he has lost. And never ride his horse; he'll feel the rebuff in that.

But Ann knew that nothing was so surely betraying her feelings as this strained unease of manner. It was in Stephen's considering eyes upon her, in Kerry's stilted, formal manner to her. Did she want to admit that she was in love with him, to Stephen—to Kerry? Because she was surely creating that impression. Or—and this she could not admit—she was betraying that truth.

This thing was breaking her. To have a question in Stephen's eyes when he looked at her was past enduring. Surely it should be possible for her and Kerry to understand each other, if they met the difficulty with truth.

So one day she called Kerry up.

"Kerry, come and talk to me a bit, after four o'clock?"

"Of course. I think it's high time myself, Ann."

High time for what? For her to capitulate, to apologize?

The thought that he had been waiting, assuming that it was up to her to do just that, made her squirm. Well, if that was

what he thought, he was going to be astonished. She would speak a few plain truths, not mincing words. She was not afraid of words. Nevertheless, her heart was pounding, her hands were clammy, waiting.

Then it was he who made the attack first. He said at once, as he took off his army coat and cap, "So glad you called me, Ann. I should have, if you hadn't. No sense in pretending you haven't got your knife into me. Now, Ann, what's it all about?"

She wished he had been in uniform. He was in his old riding pants and his loose tweed riding coat, and he had on the worn and wrinkled boots she loved, and a dark brown plaid shirt that she had always particularly liked. He was just Kerry, hurt—surely, as she was—by this estrangement between them. There seemed no point in anything except to stretch out her hands and say: Kerry, I care so much; don't hurt me any more! She could suddenly think of nothing to say but tumbling, unguarded words: If I have come to care for you—oh, a great deal, a very great deal!—you also have come to care for me, haven't you? Or haven't you, Kerry! And if we both care, why must we go on hurting each other? If we both acknowledge the hurt, everything will be all right again.

But Kerry was speaking. "I admit I was short and unmannerly for a while there before the horse show—but, good lord, Ann—"

Ann made an impatient gesture. "It wasn't that, Kerry. I understood all about that."

Kerry's eyes were on the floor. Ann, looking at him in a thick wretchedness, could now find no words with which to begin. What was it she had been going to say? She had been going to tell him why she was angry with him. But now she could not think, because he stood there, very dear to her, and she just wanted things to be between them as they used to be—understanding, and tender. Wasn't that what he wanted?

"I was perhaps a little tight that night, Ann, at the party after the show." He did not lift his eyes, but Ann could feel in him a kind of hostility, as if the unfairness were in her for holding that trivial occurrence against him all this while. "But I told Stephen to tell you I was sorry I'd not appeared more civil. I'd waited for you to come, and you didn't come. I thought probably you weren't coming—and we got tired of dancing. Went down to the library and sat around. Nothing in that, Ann."

He raised his eyes now, and Ann could see that a curtain had been drawn in back of them, leaving them flat, and blue, and cold. He was telling her that Marion Kent was—well, certainly none of her business.

Words flared up in her, suddenly. "She was such a cheap little thing, Kerry!"

"I suppose you mean Marion Kent. So that is what's the matter, is it?"

"You know that's the matter!"

Kerry's speech was deliberate. "Rather silly of you to be jealous, isn't it, Ann?" "Jealous!" Ann's voice was full of scorn. "As if I could be jealous of a girl like that!"

"But aren't you?" The words were a statement. "I've known Marion Kent for the past two years, Ann. I've known her very well. She was a student here. If you want to know whether my relations with her are what you evidently suspect—"

"I don't care what they are! If I'd wanted to know I could have found out! What difference does it make to me!"

"It's pretty obvious it's making a lot of difference, isn't it? That's what all the trouble is about, isn't it? If not, what else is it?"

"It's deeper than that. She was cheap, Kerry—"

"You said that before."

"And it's true!"

"Well, if it's true, which I don't admit, what difference does that make? The less to be jealous of, I would suppose."

"Jealous! Don't use that silly, stupid word again! What right, anyway, would I have to be jealous?"

"Exactly. What right would you?"

"This right. You know as well as I do, Kerry, that you've been devoting yourself, pointedly, to me, at least in the eyes of this little, gossip town, for four months. There's been Julia and Alicia, and who knows whom else—and me. Oh, yes—and your friend, Marion." Her words came in a rush, thickening at the end. "Well, I don't like the picture gallery I'm in. That's all."

"I see you don't. What are you accusing me of, Ann? Adultery, seduction, or both? What do you want me to do, admit it and be told I'm boasting? Or deny it, and be told I'm lying? Why should I do either? Have I ever made any improper suggestion to you?"

Ann was speechless.

She could only stare at Kerry, who was regarding her steadily now, but with no softening in his blue eyes. Well, how could I have thought there would be, thought Ann despairingly. I meant to hurt him, and I am hurting him. She was afraid her lips were trembling. He's hurting me. I don't deny it.

"Ann, supposing we get to the heart of this matter. Shall we?"

Ann spoke with difficulty. "It's what I want."

"Then—aren't you being really pretty possessive, Ann? Have I so pointedly devoted myself to you? A couple of kisses when we'd had too much to drink. Something best stopped at once. We agreed to stop it, and we did. Well, it isn't your idea, is it, that I'm just to hang on you devotedly, and not go out with anyone, even an unmarried girl? Is it, Ann? It shouldn't be—you'll admit that. But— isn't it?"

"I assure you, Kerry, I don't want to tie you to me—"

"So you say. But that isn't the way you act, or feel. You do want me to stay—tied

to you, but you not tied to me—keeping neatly in my place, a tag on me for everyone to see: Ann's property. Don't trespass. You want me to come, every day, renewing my devotion. But you don't want to give me anything. That wouldn't be honest. But I'm not to be let go free, either. You want me to be in love with you, isn't that it? You want me to admit it, so you can be kind and considerate—and not give me anything. You want me to want something—but not do anything about it. Because you're too good. And you're Stephen's wife.

"But right now you want me to take you in my arms. You've wanted it ever since I came. Then afterward you can despise me, and tell Stephen that at bottom I'm a rotter. And I would be, too. Well, Ann, I don't think much of myself. I've never pretended to be much other than I am, and you know I never have. But I don't wholly admire what you are, either. We had something, I thought, the three of us. Something we were building up. But you've destroyed it. Cheap—that's your word, Ann. You are destroying it by a cheap jealousy and a stupid possessiveness, by a demand on me I can't give. I care about Stephen, Ann. You know I do. You'll take him away from me—I admit you can do it—and just to satisfy a claim you think you have against me. Because I'm not in love with you."

Ann's face was white, and not wholly from anger. Every word of this long speech had pounded on her, beating her. There was truth in Kerry's words, bitter truth. She had not supposed he could be so comprehending. Her anger was gone. She could feel only numb, deep hurt. It seemed to her that she couldn't admit to her mind the knowledge that the last sentence he had said was true.

She began speaking, her voice low but surprisingly clear.

"All right, Kerry. You've said what you've wanted to. And there's a lot of truth in it. But I'm not afraid of truth. And I'm going to tell you what I think, and you're going to listen to me."

"You've come into my life, Kerry, and you've touched me with your hands, and you've kissed me. You did it as carelessly as you've done it many times before. Cheating Stephen—weren't you—as you've cheated other husbands? And when you found it meant something to me, did that make you sorry, make you feel that you'd cheated me, too? No. You threw it up to me; you've thrown it up to me just now—that I'm the one who's cheating. I'm cheating Stephen, when I respond to you. I'm cheating you, when I don't give you anything. Oh—it's an easy game you play, Kerry, the game with married women! Either way, you're safe. 'Tut tut!' you can always say, 'You're cheating. I'm not cheating, because I've nothing to lose—but you're cheating.' And the woman's left holding her hurt heart as best she can—as I am."

"Ann—"

"Oh—I'm not hurt the way you think I am. I'm hurt, not because I'm just another Julia to you, or Alicia, or whatever all their names are. I'm hurt because I came to care for someone who doesn't feel any other regard for a woman than to think we're all alike. Oh, yes—we're all alike. A couple of kisses, your hand on us, and we're all alike. Either we're cheap—and we realize in time that you're cheap—or you've put a claim on us from which we can't escape."

"All right, Kerry, think what you like. What you think of me can't hurt me. For I had thought to give you something of myself, something great and fine, without fear of loss, and to receive something great from you that was still not robbery. I would rather for myself believe that after those kisses you owed me a loyalty, and I owed one to you. I'd rather believe that we had something magnificent, something we had to be careful of; that we had to watch ourselves, that we had to teach ourselves how to take the happiness of what we had and never make a mistake—"

(Continued on page 22)



## "DISGRUNTLED"

By VERA V. ROBERTSON

At the top of our tree is a silver star

That I cannot reach 'cos it's up too far.

Next is an angel with droopy wings  
And a little pink bird who never sings.

It was kind of Santa to bring us the tree,

But I don't think he got the letter from me;

I asked him for money to buy a wee hound,

They are going to sell at the City Pound.

would have worked all my life, if I had needed to, for this thing that I have accomplished; but if I must lose Ann, nothing will ever be important to me again. He felt no jealousy of Kerry; jealousy was too small a thing to cover this terrible fact, if it should be true. Yet, thinking of Kerry, he wished that he might never have to see him again. To have had so great an affection from Ann, and not to have valued it—the man was a fool. To have pretended, or half-felt, a feeling for Ann that had carried her away—the man was nothing better than a petty thief, taking what he didn't pay for, with even a kind of pride that he didn't have to pay.

He was hurt for himself; he was hurt for Ann. It made him very gentle with her, very kind, undemanding. The increasing depth and power and strength of his love for her, his passion for her, seemed to him now something he must soften, not make its demands a burden to her. There was nothing in the world he would not do for her.

So for a time they walked a little apart from each other, very considerate of each other, a shadow upon them both; and Ann stifled within herself the continual hysterical desire to throw herself into Stephen's arms and cry her heart away in a complexity of tearing emotions that she did not fully understand herself, any more.

It seemed to her sometimes as if she had sat for a long time on the shore beside a sea. Kerry's affection had swept over her, pounded against her like a great wave, knocking her breathless, buffeting her about; whereas Stephen's love was like the tide—quiet, strong, rising close about her, warm, engulfing, lifting her, enclosing her, carrying her with its strength. A wave is beautiful; its foaming, transient beauty captures the heart by its sheer power; but it is a cruel power; it can batter one to death. Yet the slow-moving tide is a still greater power, unspectacular, dependable, lifting all the dreary mud-stuck boats and setting them gently free, filling the harbor from edge to edge with dancing lights, setting in motion the great ships that wait upon it, secure that it will never fail.

At the spring holidays Stephen went away to read a paper before a meeting of distinguished scientists. Ann had thought his going would be a relief; at least she would be free, for a moment, from that loving scrutiny, that wish to help her who could not be helped. But instead his going left only flatness.

She would go to the club and ride. Not that things could be patched up with Kerry; but to say "Hello" would at least make a normal word to displace those painful ones over which she mused so incessantly. She would borrow Tillie's grey.

The hall was half full of riders, mostly girls of high-school age, pounding at full gallop, hair and elbows flying; but Kerry wasn't there. In a lightning glance Ann had assured herself of it, with both regret and relief.

Surprisingly, one of the pounding, hair-flying youngsters at once reined by her; it was Mrs. Manning's daughter, Louise.

"Why, Louise! I didn't know you rode."

"I don't. Least, I'm just learning."

Ann looked at the flushed, pointed face with its flying halo of pale gold hair and eyes now a sparkling deep blue, and thought again, as she had often thought, that she was an astonishingly pretty child for plain Mrs. Manning to have. Last year the child had conceived for her a school-girl adoration; but she had seen the girl this year practically not at all.

"...but Mac says I'm getting not so bad—"

"Mac?" Ann was startled.

"Major Maclouth. You know him. You rode with him in the show. Oh, that jump! Mrs. Farrington! My heart stood absolutely still. Absolutely. The first day, Polly Andrews kidded him about your being able to jump Duna when he couldn't but he nearly snapped her head off. He plays follow the leader with us every morning. Made us lie down on our horses' backs, yesterday. I'm scared to death, but

I won't let on. I think he's wonderful, don't you?"

"Yes." Ann was intent on the girl's words, but her eyes were only idly watching the pretty kindling face. So that now she was astonished to see the sensitive skin, quite without warning, flood with color, the blue eyes turn quickly away.

What was all this? Ann considered a moment.

"I call him Kerry," she said, experimentally, watching the tell-tale young face.

"I know. So does Mrs. Hutchinson." The blue eyes turned to her a second. They were deep, shy, intensely sweet.

Ann had thought her heart could feel no heavier. But it did, now. Fifteen-year-old intensity—was there anything more potentially disastrous? And this was Mrs. Manning's Louise.

"You ride at nine?"

"Rain or shine, every morning. It's a kind of vacation class of us girls—"

"Think I'll join you. May I?"

"Oh, Mrs. Farrington! That would be wonderful!"

"Yes," said Ann. "I'll love it."

At nine she was there. She hated doing this—hated the thing she was thinking; but nevertheless she was there. Kerry was holding two horses in the centre of the ring. One was Tillie's grey. She went directly to him.

"Hello, Kerry. Is that my horse?"

"Hello, Ann. Sergeant said you were riding Tillie's horse. Don't you want Duna?"

"The grey's fine. Thanks as much, Kerry."

He looked steadily at her, as she arranged her reins and mounted, preoccupied, not looking at him.

"Duna's yours to ride, Ann, whenever you want her." He mounted, and stood facing her.

She looked at him then, her eyes meeting his, and the thing that surprised her was to find them the same—Kerry's eyes, blue, soberly insistent.

She said impulsively the last thing she had ever dreamed of saying. She had not meant to talk to him at all, much less find herself incredibly saying, "You have the power to hurt us so much, Stephen and me. Is it making you happy to use it?"

"Happy, Ann!" He turned his horse away. "What a word!"

She spurred her horse after him, feeling a little spurt of anger at this senseless hurting of each other.

"Is it fair, Kerry, just to turn away from me, from us, like this? As if you owed us nothing?"

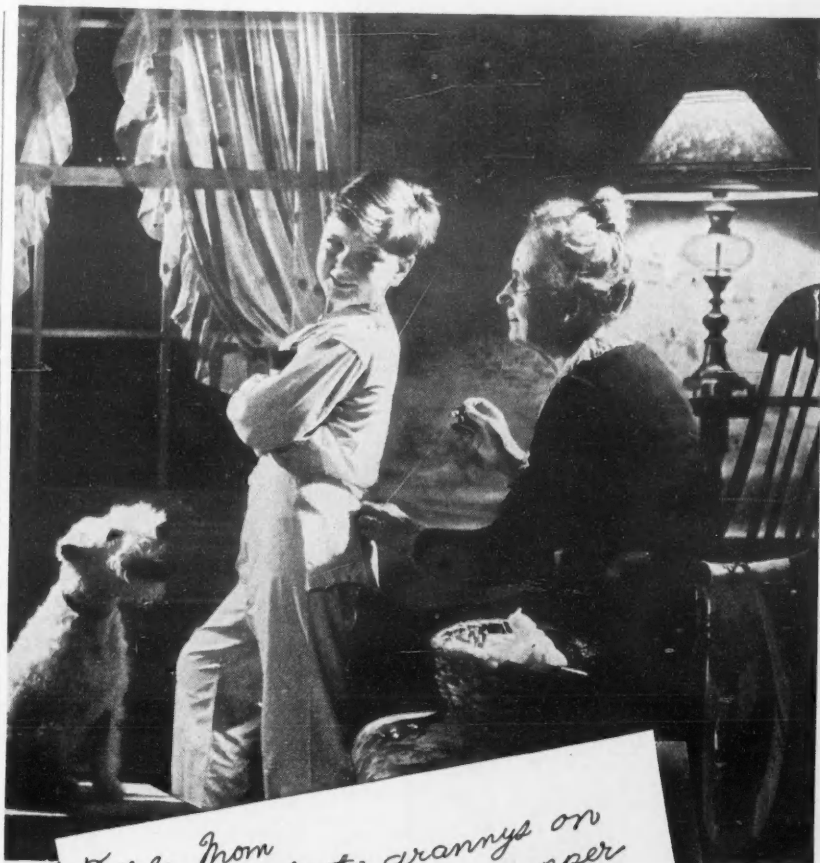
His voice was cool, indifferent. "I think you said all that. You can't blame me if I don't want to hear it again. Sorry, Ann—but I've promised these kids—"

Ann drove her heel into her horse and cantered away. She felt savage at herself. Why had she spoken so, as if she were hopelessly unable to let him go? She reined her horse; Kerry could certainly rouse the devil's own temper in her. How hellish life would be, tied to someone who could make you so furious!

Well, it was stupid of her to have come here and spied, in this pseudo-disinterested way. She hadn't done it to protect Louise, or out of loyalty for Mrs. Manning; but just to get a better cause than she had to despise Kerry. Besides, she knew just as much by not coming at all. Kerry was irreproachable; chaffing, debonair, a trifle avuncular. And it was equally plain that Louise was head over heels infatuated. And hers wasn't the only eye that saw it; shy jokes, Ann could see, were made at Louise's expense, and Louise would say, "Oh shut up! You make me sick!" and glance—she couldn't help it—quickly at Kerry. It was too bad! Sober-hearted little Louise, just beautifully young, starry-eyed, looking from between her lashes at Kerry. Of course Kerry knew; but surely in this case he would be careful!

But, even so, what of Louise, intense and loving, not half understanding what she felt? Louise was Mrs. Manning's

[Continued on page 27]



Dere Mom  
I got to grannys on  
Monday and after supper  
granpop took this picture.  
granny is smiling but  
she was reely kinda cross  
cause my clothes have  
tattle-tale gray she sed.  
She sed cantt you see  
how gray your pygamas are?  
they tell everybody they arent  
reely clean she sed.  
Wich made me say my

mother works like anything on  
washday but she sed the  
trubble is your soap doesnt  
get out ALL the dirt.  
So granny sed to tell  
you you ought to use  
fels-naptha soap like she does  
on account of its got heaps of  
naptha right in the golden  
soap and it gets clothes white  
as mopsies new baby rabbits.  
I'm bringing a rabbit  
home to show you how awful  
wite that is. Billy

© FELS & CO., 1935

**P. S.**—Billy's mother did get rid of tattle-tale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you!  
Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha

at your grocer's today—and see how safely and beautifully it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!

## Many Cancers Are Curable

Medical experts state that many cancers can be cured if discovered and treated in time—but time is the all-important element.

Cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and X-rays, or removed by surgery. An increasing number of cases are being discovered early and the technique in successfully removing or destroying these cancers is steadily advancing. Full recoveries have been made in thousands of reported cases in which patients were on the alert and sought early, competent treatment.

Physicians warn against neglected conditions which are known to precede the onset of cancer—lumps, unusual discharges, wounds that will not heal, moles and warts that change in size and color, or other abnormal conditions. Continued irritation of any part of the body is often the beginning of trouble.

If your family doctor finds a suspicious condition he presumably will not pass judgment as to whether or not it is cancer until he can get complete scientific confirmation.

Many people who fear they have cancer are worrying without cause. A complete physical check-up which shows there is nothing wrong is a very comforting assurance. Thorough and competent periodic physical examinations may help doctors to discover cases of cancer while there is still time for successful treatment. Should suspicious symptoms appear at any time, see your doctor at once.

The Metropolitan will gladly send you its free leaflet on cancer, "A Message of Hope." Address Booklet Dept. 1-L-37.

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never once. I would rather have found out that we had something so difficult and so great that we had had to relinquish it, with great pain, because it was too much for us. That seems less like cheating to me, Kerry, than to have to admit that all we had was a piece of cheese, which we nibbled at like a couple of rats, till it wasn't fit for anything. Oh, it's not a cheap jealousy that's destroying this thing! It's the cheapness of the thing itself, the shoddy in the material that's showing up. You don't love me—and I don't love you. Well, we should have. That's where the cheapness is. You think I'm cheap. And I think you're cheap. Yes—I wanted to believe you loved me. That was the thing that would have made everything right." She knew her voice was breaking, but she finished. "I think this finishes it, Kerry."

"I think it does, Ann."

He was going away. He was picking up his coat, and his cap. At the door he turned and looked at her, briefly; then he opened the door and went away.

Ann was left standing there. He would never come back again. She had lost him for good. No more of his gay presence; no more of those happy evenings. No more—ever again—the three of them. Truth? She hadn't spoken the truth. She had denied that she loved him, and that denial was a lie.

When Stephen came, he found her face down on the bed. His quick sense told him of trouble.

"Ann?"

She sat up, reaching for him. "I've quarrelled with Kerry, Stephen. He'll never come to this house again. Never again." She pulled him close to her, frantically, the tears beginning to come. "How could I have done it, Stephen? We said horrible things to each other. He said what I really wanted from him was to have him make love to me. Stephen! And I told him that he was a cheat and a cheap flirt—that this was just the same old story, making love to somebody's wife, and ducking out from under when it got uncomfortable."

She put her hands in front of her face. Her voice was thin and unnatural. "Don't you see? What he said of me was true. I do want something from him. But what I said of him wasn't true, not really, not since he's known you. He couldn't cheat you, Stephen, because he cares more about you than he does about me. He knows I know that. He knows I'm lying. Stephen! He'll never come back again. He's got a right to his pride, too. And he'll go away despising me, because he knows I lied. He feels I will lie to you, turning you against him. We've lost him, Stephen!"

Stephen, smoothing her disordered hair, said now, gently, "I don't think so, Ann. I'll go to Kerry and explain—"

"What can you explain?" Ann wadded her handkerchief into a wet ball. "Can you go to him and say, Ann cares so much for you, Kerry, we ask you to come back? No."

"Why not, Ann? After all, that's the truth. We both care that much. We can both say that."

"And give Kerry a chance to gloat, and say again that I am possessive, that I won't let him go? That I want something I won't give? What can I give him more? But that's what he said, Stephen. That," Ann wiped her eyes, "and a lot of other things. It's no use, Stephen. After all, I've got a right to my pride. I can't run after him, and beg him to come back. You see—" Ann's voice broke again, "I thought we had something so lovely, Stephen, the three of us. Truly, I cared so much about it. I was so happy. I thought it was all right to care so much, Stephen."

"And it was. And it will be again." Stephen's hand, stroking, was very gentle, very loving, very kind. Ann, flashing a look into his face, could see that it was shadowed, and that there was hurt on it. She said, brokenly, "Have I hurt you, Stephen, caring for him? I couldn't bear it, if I have."

"But you haven't." Stephen's voice was

very sure, and Ann's heart rushed thankfully out to meet it. "There's nothing separating us two, Ann. I would feel it if there were."

"You're my life, Stephen. The breath I breathe, the skin and flesh and bones of my body. Without you life isn't anything. But added on to having you—Kerry was very dear to me."

And yet, thought Ann, does that fully account for this actual pain, this enormous emptiness, in the place Kerry has been? Not ever to see his face again in their home? Was this not robbing Stephen, if her life seemed so full of loss? Why had she done this? She had had it secure—this daily companionship, this affection that she wanted. It had been in their home when she returned from Florida. Possessively, she had wanted too much. Thwarted, she had thrown what she had away.

Even Stephen, believing in her, trusting her; how could she admit, make real to him, that sweeping emotion that came, now and again, in her for Kerry? It was asking too much, it was too cruel a thing, to supply to his imagination the emotion that would make that real to him. It would be intolerable. She couldn't live, seeing that painful knowledge in his eyes.

I'm dishonest all ways, thought Ann. And I am truly trying only to be honest. I wish I'd never known Kerry. How, now, can I hide from Stephen the pain his loss is to me? I wish I was safely out of this. I am afraid this is going to hurt Stephen, in the end.

Kerry didn't come back. He went to Stephen, after a bit, and the one tried to explain to the other. They said a lot of words, but the sense of understanding, understanding that needs no words at all, was gone.

Ann hadn't known it was in her to suffer so much. The days were a ceaseless round of imaginary words: bitter denunciations, patient explanations, loving appeals. Nights became a dread, when her one hope was that she would not break apart her life by saying at last: I love him, Stephen, I must have him back.

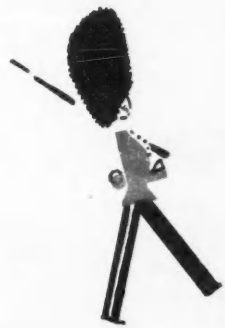
And he was now a new and greater Stephen, growing with each day in dignity and in stature. It is a foolish thing for men to say that worldly estimate does not matter. It is the measure of ourselves, truer than our own, peeling off our too great egotism or stripping back to the true sap the thick bark of too great modesty. No man but listens to it, in spite of himself, weighing himself against it, making of it a measuring rod by which to estimate himself newly. So Stephen: the great acclaim, the great honor that met him, first in his own little world, from the chemists that had worked on the benches beside him and kidded him with genial respect, then from scientists all over the world, then in the newspapers (a long column on the front page of *The Times*) and in the eyes of students, of strangers, of friends; the acclaim, too, and it most satisfying of all, in his own eyes; of such was the increasing stature of Stephen. That he remained the same Stephen—friendly, modest, sensible—meant after all that the world's measure of him as a great man was true.

It made Ann feel immensely an outsider. She read the columns of press notices, she read the letters from people whose names she did not know, and she felt very small because Stephen should so patiently have to explain them to her. To Stephen, the classroom and the laboratory were life. Could she ever understand, ever follow? Could it possibly be that it might be better that she get out of it, follow her own life with its possibilities so different from his, and leave him free to grow into his greater measure, with, perhaps, another companion?

Certainly she felt immensely that she had failed; she had not found out the secret of this life of Stephen's, although Stephen lived in the very heart of it.

BUT STEPHEN, watching Ann's shadowed eyes and newly controlled, quiet ways, could only think within himself: I

# Beauty Culture



## HEADS, RIGHT!

*Marching Orders for a Brand-New Season;  
Stand guard over those front lines! . . .*

By CAROLYN DAMON

### THE HAT makes the woman.

So says Mme. Talbot, Parisian millinery creator who is responsible for many of the leading trends in headgear. She believes the keynote of the silhouette . . . the feature which most outstandingly contributes to the feminine personality . . . is the little pillbox, the perky beret, the entrancing turban . . . or whatever it happens to be.

This season's hats certainly do things to faces, and no mistake. New lines are all styled to emphasize front interest. Even when the decorative motif . . . a feather . . . a bow . . . a spray of blossoms . . . is set far back on crown or brim, it subtly draws attention, by tricks of line or placing, to the forehead and profile.

Fur hats have been the important introduction of the winter . . . turbans and berets and toques of every description. These fur hats will go right through to late spring. Then there's the fabric hat, which promises to grow more popular as the season advances. Particularly in various versions of the Juliet cap, which may turn out to be one of the leading trends next year. Velvets, velveteens, velours, and suèdes vie with felt for the centre of the stage. Crowns are given more to "disappearing height" as the new season's millinery comes in. That is, crown manipulation gives the effect of height but there's a general lowering, actually.

There'll be some new color alliances, too, in the spring. Two or three shades used in a clever combination will make hats more interesting and effective than they have been, pictorially. Two and three tier brims, even two-story crowns, are unexpected innovations. And there's a definite move to match hats with gloves and shoes.

MME. TALBOT suggests that the well-dressed woman suits her hat as carefully to the occasion and time of day, as she does her dress. For morning . . . a sports hat of mannish type, she suggests. For luncheon, one which is more formal looking, yet suitable for the street. For tea, the hat should have a more made-to-order look, more individuality . . . and for evening, be absolutely formal. It sounds like a pretty large stock of millinery, but often a clever woman can add a touch here and there to change one hat to many. The straight tailored hat for morning, a bright buckle for lunch, a veil for tea and perhaps a graceful velvet bow for evening, with the crown tucked in softly at night, rounded out pertly for daytime. It can be done to some of the adaptable new hats one can buy this season.

How high should your hat be? Suit your type, not the mode, advises the couturier. Be careful not to exaggerate any line to ridiculous proportions.

And that question of color . . . for the sports hat, yes—bright color; and for the very young girl, simply splashes of color. For the woman who is sophisticated, who is mature, a hat to match the coat and gloves.

And as Canadian women, we don't spend enough time choosing or fitting hats, charges Lilly Dache, another well-known designer. The French woman spends at least a week picking her hat, studying the mode and adapting it to her own personality. We, on the other hand, are too prone to buy a hat quickly for some special occasion, say "Well, that's that" and wear it whether or not it suits us. Because of outdoor life, height and good skin, Canadian women should set off their hats better than their European sisters. It's just a question of study.



If you want tailoring without severity, you might try something like this postilion model Jean Patou does in black, with bows of velours (top left). Its rolled brim and soft trim add just enough femininity to the smart straight lines of the stovepipe crown and bowler effect in the front. For sheer swank you might try a bit of velvet with an enchanting feather trim, as Patou has combined them in this effective little turban (top, right). It's in a rich beaver-brown felt, with soft dark brown wide-feather quills. Below is another Patou model, a royal emerald velvet toque tipped with a feather mount in the same shade of green combined with Imperial gold . . . Coronation shades.

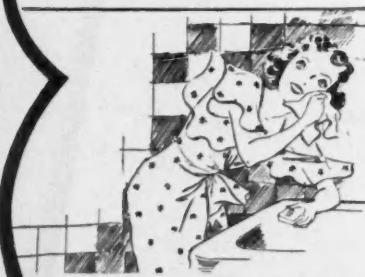
**HE'S SO IN LOVE WITH HER  
NOW-  
AND YET...**



Only a year ago everyone felt so sorry for Ellen. She was terribly in love with Bill, yet she knew how indifferent he was.



I was the one who had the courage to be frank with her—"You have really lovely eyes and hair, but I'm afraid you're getting Cosmetic Skin". . .



I told her this complexion trouble develops when powder and rouge are not thoroughly removed. She began to use Lux Toilet Soap . . .



It wasn't long before her skin began to improve, and Bill was almost the first to notice. They're going to be married in June . . .

### Don't risk Cosmetic Skin!

**C**LEAR, soft skin wins admiration—romance. There's no reason why you should lose out.

If you're worried about Cosmetic Skin—coarseness, dullness, tiny blemishes—begin today to use Lux Toilet Soap. It removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore choking. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—always before you go to bed.



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?  
YES, OF COURSE! BUT  
THANKS TO LUX TOILET  
SOAP, I'M NOT A BIT  
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

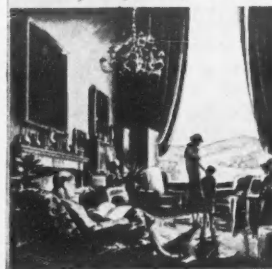
**JOAN BENNETT**



## Have You Read...

### A PRAYER FOR MY SON

by Hugh Walpole

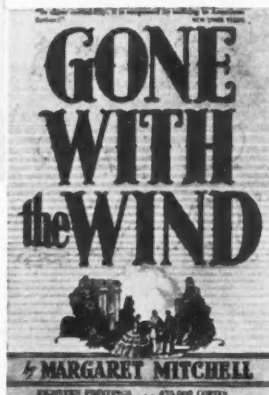


Men ask  
for Beauty



by  
**WILLIAM  
STRANGE**

A well-known Canadian critic tells  
you some interesting things about  
the season's most talked of books



**A**TANTALIZING question that, "Have you read . . . ?" We hope we have, but never feel sure of it until the title of the latest literary "hit" trips off the other person's tongue. Yes, a tantalizing question—but a certain opening of a channel through which to steer the doldrum-halted ship of conversation. After the weather, the servant problem and little Elmer's adenoids come the Books; some born to greatness, some achieving it, and quite a few basking in a greatness thrust upon them!

Born to greatness, or something looking very like it, is Margaret Mitchell's gorgeous panoramic tale of the American Civil War, "Gone With the Wind." Have you read it, madam? I hope *not*! It's always so much better to have the candies in the box, enticingly untasted! They tell me that Miss Mitchell (who isn't very old) wrote much of this fine novel backward. This literary acrobatic feat has not affected the result, which is a wonderful story of the crumbling of the Old South under the strain of the Northern invasion. A story of love and death, of birth and battlefields, and most especially of people; Southerners "beautiful and wild, all a little violent under their pleasant ways and only a little tamed." There is a tempestuous and lovely heroine (Scarlett O'Hara) a deliciously villainous Gable-like hero (Rhett Butler), and a romance between these two in which love blossoms as a red, red rose. (No whited, wilting lilies here!)

The historical background is stirring almost to the point of being terrifying.

Yet, despite the violent color of the history, the shifting kaleidoscopic scenery, it is always the characters who come to the fore. And what characters! Strong people, lovable people, people full of foibles and—to our eyes—small eccentricities; and yet, somehow, it is impossible not to like them all, the funny, fussy Southern aunts, the dashing, be-whiskered boys who think—oh folly!—that war is just a picnic, and also, and especially, Cousin Melanie, a real saint, who is no plaster prig, but an honest-to-goodness good woman. They are rare in fiction. This book, deservedly, is the season's best-seller.

THEN THERE is Hugh Walpole's latest, "A Prayer for My Son." This is the story of an unmarried mother and her struggle for the possession of her boy. Certainly it is too dramatic to be likely; equally certainly, it is immensely readable. Somewhere between a Buchan thriller and a little collection of psychological studies, this novel will surprise. Hugh Walpole wrote the book too quickly one feels; and he avoided the depths of emotion to which he might, with advantage, have dived. Yet, as entertainment, the story is more than passable. It is being talked about, of course. What Walpole book is not?

AND HAVE you stumbled as yet across anything by Francis Pollock? He is the busy beekeeper from Shedden, Ontario, who has taken of late to writing clever satirical novels about Toronto folk. The latest is "Jupiter Eight," a short, bright and rather dramatic story about one, Ford Derrock, an interior decorator who, virtually by accident, becomes a temporarily successful author; has a bit of wondrous luck on the stock market; buys the Jupiter Eight, an enormous sports car; frequents the salon of Mr. Wellington London, "the greatest Toronto painter in the world" (oh, wicked Mr. Pollock!); becomes friends with an amoral actress; falls practically in love with a girl who very nearly paints extremely well; smashes up his much-too-powerful car and ends about where he started—only without the temporary authorial success, for time has passed.

A witty thing, this; sometimes a little unkind, one felt, but always entertaining. Mr. Pollock is probably wise to stay at Shedden, sheltered by the protecting hum of his myriad bees!



Margaret Mitchell, author of the year's best-seller, "Gone With the Wind."

FROM TARTARY comes news. News cleverly penned, and beautifully illustrated with photographs, by indefatigable young Mr. Peter Fleming. Whenever I read a Peter Fleming book, I feel glad I am not Richard Haliburton: envy is so ruinous to the digestion. "News from Tartary" is, in many ways, the best that Fleming has done to date. He is beginning to suffer somewhat from conceit, and one wishes he would [Continued on page 30]

## Trial by Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

daughter, the daughter of the head of Stephen's department. Perhaps she should tell Mrs. Manning. But Mrs. Manning, with her rosy face, her simple maternalism, her wispy hair, her black flat-heeled shoes—what could she understand of the trembling, night-dreaming ecstasy of fifteen, the moving, burning knowledge brought by a kiss, two kisses, if they should happen? That they hadn't happened, Ann knew well enough; the trembling ecstasy was not yet darkened with something material. But Kerry wouldn't be able to resist it; after all, what's a little kiss, a fleeting, knowledgeable touch of the fingers to a blouse. Oh, Kerry will do it, she thought, savagely. And Louise ought to be let alone to kiss boys her own age.

Perhaps she might speak to Kerry. What would he say? "Really, Ann—aren't your suspicions getting just a little absurd?" And they were, of course. Heavens! What was a kiss or two anyhow? Bound to happen some time.

Yet two kisses, Kerry's kisses, were near to breaking her life. And fifteen is the tragic age, the age that is sure life will never be long enough to be different.

Ann shook herself. She was being morbid. She just had Kerry on the brain; she was thinking of him abnormally, seeing in his every simple relationship a dangerous pursuit. Kerry wasn't like that. And how to make simple Mrs. Manning perceive there was danger, even if there were? Tell her what she had learned only too sorrowfully? No, thought Ann, I am not called upon to do that.

This seeing Kerry had only made things more disastrous than they were. She would not come again.

Then the whole thing was driven from Ann's mind. Sergeant came to her while she was turning in her horse.

"Where you been, Mis' Farrington? Ain't seen you since the show. Why ain't you on Duna? Duna's gettin' stiff in the joints. Major won't hardly touch her no more. Say—you and Major ain't had a scrap, have you? Somebody was saying you had. But I told 'em what you done to Major in that show was enough to hurt any man's pride. And the Major, he can't take it like some can, maybe. But shucks! Don't you mind, no ways."

Ann took her package of cigarettes and poked it in Sergeant's pocket, patting it shut. "Thanks, Sergeant. You're a good scout."

"Mis' Farrington, I wonder now, if I could make so bold as to just ask you something."

"Of course, Sergeant."

She looked up at him, liking as always his large, not unhandsome bulk, the cheerful blue of his Scandinavian eye. Today it was not so cheerful, but wore a troubled look, and she thought that, really, he was not much older than a grown-looking boy.

"It's this way. I see in the papers where your husband's a big shot, now, and how you ain't just a nobody, yourself, but this Judique Couard was your father."

"That's right," said Ann, wondering. "And this here Mrs. Prendergast. She's your friend, an' I guess she's all right, ain't she? Sure. Well, I guess you know like everybody else she makes her money on the stock market—"

Ann's voice was cold. "I suppose so, Sergeant. But if you want tips from me—I don't know her that well."

"You don't? But she's all right, ain't she? And Colonel Fitzgerald, he's all right, too, ain't he? He's your friend, ain't he? I hear him tell a lot about knowin' your father. I says to myself, it's bound to be all right. 'Cause Mis' Farring-

ton's husband is a professor, and this here Judique Couard was her father."

A fear shot through Ann. "What is it, Sergeant? You'd best tell me."

"Well, I am. I got to worryin' some lately, see, and I said to myself that you was a straight-shooter, and your husband was, and I'd just ask you straight out. Colonel Fitzgerald, he's got this mine, see, 'at he got from your father—"

"Sergeant, what are you talking about?" Ann's voice felt frozen. "I know nothing about such a mine."

"You don't?" Sergeant looked at her, as if balancing whether or not she was telling the truth. "You don't know nothin' about it? Well, there's lots of folks in town been puttin' their money in. I heard the boys say that Fletcher, the big real estate fella that owns all that swell property out where you professors live, has put in a lot, and Monsch, he's the man who bought the old gun works, he has, and—oh, a bunch of folks, I forget 'em all. But now I hear people's beginning to talk. Oh—you know, to say—"

"How much did you put in, Sergeant?"

"Seven hundred dollars. It ain't so much, Mis' Farrington, the way you might look at it. But to me—"

Ann's voice was trembling. "Don't worry, Sergeant. Your money's all right. I'll guarantee it. But don't put in any more."

Sergeant laughed, a relieved laugh. "I ain't likely to. I ain't got any more."

Ann went straight to Tillie. She wasted no words at all.

"Tillie—what's this? A mine my father was supposed to own. A mine, Tillie—I suppose a gold mine! Couldn't you and Fitzzy even be original? An old-fashioned come-on game! Pretty, silly Ann Farrington and her dress designing! Stephen—young, maybe, but brilliant, and honest, and trusted! Slick—Tillie, wasn't it? I hand it to you!"

Tillie sat there, looking into Ann's blazing face, and her eyes, steady, unwavering, didn't change. "So you don't trust me, Ann, after all."

Ann couldn't speak. Why should she trust her, how could she, after this?

"Wouldn't come and just ask me, Ann. Just come and accuse me."

For a while Ann couldn't answer. She couldn't bear to believe, what she nevertheless was believing. Finally she burst out. "What good to ask? You're smarter than I. You're smarter than I'll ever be." Then, as Tillie merely looked at her, without answering, she went on, in a suffocated, strangled voice, "The Sergeant's little money. The Sergeant's! Seven hundred dollars! Even that wasn't too little! Even small change wasn't to be despised! Well, it's to be returned, do you hear me? It's to be returned! Stephen comes back tomorrow. When he comes back, I'll tell everybody in town—I never heard of this mine! My father's mine! And I don't know anything about you—or Fitzzy. I'll tell them I've been a sucker, just like the rest of them! But Sergeant's money is to be given back, first—right off, today!"

Tillie was still regarding her steadily, and in spite of herself Ann felt again the power of those sad, thin, shrewd old eyes. But she knew, now, she mustn't believe in them.

"Ann, what if I tell you there is a mine?"

"Oh—sure there's a mine! Absolutely. I haven't a doubt of it! I've got a diamond barpin—why wasn't I asked to invest? I was taken to Florida. I wasn't expected to come back quite so soon, was I? Sure, there's a mine! And I'll bet my barpin my father owned it, too. That's why you picked on this town, wasn't it—you and Fitzzy? Oh—I've laughed at this town myself, a stuffy community of solemn professors and dowdy wives with their small-town ways. Whisky's shocking and flirting's a sin and playing bridge for money is depraved. I thought Kerry, and I thought you, were gayer and smarter and more fun—more the life I used to live and still, like a fool, wanted back again! Well,

It wasn't the Cold that froze him  
'twas the sight of  
her Rough Chapped Hands



I NEARLY CRIED when Dave complained about my hands. I hated them myself—all harsh and red. They stayed rough all winter, no matter what I put on them . . .



THEN—A FRIEND TOLD ME Jergens Lotion softens hands in no time. I turned to Jergens—used it faithfully—and a few days later Dave whispered . . . "I love your hands. They feel so soft."

## but Jergens brought about an early Thaw!

HANDS can be thrilling when they're soft and smooth. But cold, wind and water take the natural moisture from hand skin—make it likely to chap and roughen. And most women wash their hands eight times a day, they say, and have them in water eight times more.

But Jergens Lotion heals and softens dry, harsh hands amazingly fast. Why? . . . Because Jergens goes

into the skin cells more effectively than other lotions tested, and swiftly puts back lost moisture.

Besides—Jergens contains two special ingredients, used by the medical profession. Red, rough, chapped skin is made soft, white and fine in just a few applications. Jergens is never sticky. At all toilet goods counters 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and big economy \$1.00 size.



## JERGENS LOTION

**FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE**  
Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the girlish softness of your hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 838 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE PRINT

Address \_\_\_\_\_

MADE IN CANADA



Action is what you need in taking hold of that cold before it takes hold of you. But few of us can afford to be laid up with a cold and have our health undermined throughout the winter.

When you feel a cold coming on recognize it for what it really is—an internal infection requiring internal treatment.

GROVE'S BROMO QUININE attacks the cold at its source by doing the four necessary things in the prompt and effective treatment of a cold.

1. It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
2. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
4. It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

When you feel a cold coming on go right to your druggist and buy a box of GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Make sure you get Grove's. Start taking the tablets two at a time. Taken in time, GROVE'S BROMO QUININE usually stops the cold within 24 hours.

This is the kind of action you want and get with GROVE'S BROMO QUININE. Grove's has been the standby of thousands in the treatment of colds for over forty years.

633

drive OUT  
THAT COLD  
with

**GROVES**  
Laxative  
BROMO QUININE

Break into Print . . Sparkle in Jewels . . Get Tyrolean Ski Togs . . Lounge in a House Coat . . and you're set for clothes success in 1937, say Kay Murphy in her Manhattan

## FASHION SHORTS



Net and lace are two of the more important evening dress materials and I think they are honeys, both of 'em. The younger gal always looks so alluring in a ruffly net dress, and, of course, lace is decorative on any lass, be she sixteen or sixty . . .

"White Wine" is a lovely evening color that is storming the town—it looks really like its name . . . white, with a very faint sauterne touch that is becoming to all ages . . . And "Sweetheart Blue" is another color that's doing well, thank you. It's almost an Alice shade . . . and, of course, many women look their loveliest in blue . . .

The Coronation shades—red, green, blue and gold—are simply sweeping the mode—you get these shades in everything from evening gowns to pyjamas! And so many little dresses are now coming out with tiny crowns for buttons . . .

In the prints you'll see lots of "Buckingham Palace," "Royal Coach" and "Changing of the Guards" motifs . . .

The afternoon dresses continue to be a very important item in any gal's cupboard . . . I think the black velvet skirt, with the metallic cloth blouse, is about the cutest and most practical. Certainly it is one of the foremost styles this winter. Try and get your skirt on a bodice—it fits so much better. Then you can change blouses easily, and feel you have on a new dress every time you do so . . .



Knitted fashions continue to lead in tailored wear . . . but my! are they jazzing them up! The Tyrolean vogue is one of the gayest fashions . . . saw a lovely WHITE wool dress the other day, and it was simply covered with gaily colored wool flowers, which had been embroidered on, after the dress was knitted . . . Unusual, to say the least, and, of course, very cosy . . .

Then we have metal-threaded wools—for dresser afternoon wear . . . sleeveless sweaters which a lass wears over a dainty sleeved blouse and probably a crêpe or velvet skirt. Warm enough at the hockey games—and elegant enough for the after-party.

The "House Coat" is rapidly ousting the lounging pyjamas from their place in the hospitable home. These "coats" are wrap-around affairs that generally sweep the floor—have huge puffed sleeves and come in every fabric from gaily colored cottons to rich velvets. To tell the truth, they flatter the average figure more than pyjamas do, and look very well on younger as well as older women . . .

Accessories are having much more attention paid to them than ever before . . .

Take gloves, for instance—generally they are merely gloves . . . Now they are taking on really important features . . .

One newer glove has the thumb of a different fabric and color—still another style (so that it will "fit like a glove") has novelty seaming down the front to make it absolutely hand-fitting.



Mink is one of the loveliest furs—always—but we're not only seeing it in coats. Mrs. Wallis Simpson, London beauty, has just sponsored a lovely affair for afternoon wearing, when the day is chilly—Over her broadcloth suit she wears a rounded mink cape with a broadcloth collar and tie.

The tailored suit continues to be an important winter fashion. So many "Career Girls" like them for office wearing—then slip their fur or winter coat over them, and they're grand and neat for street wear . . .

The man-tailored suit is all the vogue. Somehow or other men tailors seem to get just the right cut to a woman's suit . . .

DO YOU SKI? If so, you'll love the trim Tyrolean ski suit—the waist-length jacket is flattering to the figure and saves one from looking too athletic . . . Bright green, with red or white accessories, is a popular skiing color scheme.



And as it is Christmas Time, please let your little New York-Canadian Scout wish you—"All that you wish yourself"—THANKS A MILLION for your kindly support and good wishes during the year—ALL THE BEST FOR 1937! — Kay Murphy.

DARLING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE MINE?  
I GUARANTEE TO TREAT YOU FINE!  
FOR INSTANCE, LOVE, IF  
HEARTBURN COMES . . .  
I'LL OFFER YOU MY ROLL OF TUMS!



YOU'LL LOVE THIS  
**FAST RELIEF**  
FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies . . . cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing unreleased from your system. For quick relief . . . Carry Tums. 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

**TUMS** FOR THE TUMMY  
TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE  
HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also sample Tums and N.R. Send stamp for postage and packing to the Lewis Medicine Co., 67 Crawford Ave., Dept. 201A-72, Windsor, Ontario.



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

## Martyr to HARD RED PIMPLES For Two Years

Read this remarkable, grateful tribute: "I suffered for 2 years with large, hard, red pimples on my face. They caused irritation from scratching, and would scale over and come back. I used several treatments without success until I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In a couple of weeks there was splendid improvement, and soon all the blemishes were gone." (Signed) Mrs. P. Coleman, 536 St. John's Rd., Toronto.

You too can find in Cuticura treatments real relief for pimples, rashes, chafing, eczema irritation and other skin and scalp conditions of external origin. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Sample FREE—write "Cuticura," Dept. 270, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

**CUTICURA** SOAP and OINTMENT

## How Are Your Nerves?

(Continued from page 11)

of life so that when later he comes to grips with them a minimum of shock results. On the other hand, it is not considered unnatural for her to do certain things—such, for instance, as dissolving into tears—which in him would be considered unmanly yet in her is held to be essentially feminine. Indeed, is it not his custom when referring to a particularly frail act to stigmatize it contemptuously as “sissy”—like sister?

I have fulminated on several occasions against the real lack in a girl's upbringing to prepare her for the realities of life: so far without striking a spark of response in either the male or female world. But is it any wonder that, with life bearing down harder on her than on her brothers, with her discipline less fitted than theirs to prepare her for life, that she is more prone than they to seek escape from life—any escape—be it even by means of a neurosis?

Granted that there is an element of waywardness, a lack of moral hardihood in the neurotic's progress toward her neurosis, in the main this is conditioned by her surroundings and the circumstances in which she was brought up. We know that the child of a tubercular home is more likely to develop tuberculosis than the child brought up in a healthy one. The same is true of a child brought up in a home where one or both parents are neurotic or maladjusted; where the turmoil of family life increases the emotional conflicts. Homes in which cruelty, fear, timidity, injustice, ill-temper, bitterness, over-indulgence, financial or emotional instability, and too much or too little affection are constantly manifested form the sort of unhealthy atmosphere in which neuroses are born. A proper discipline toward life cannot be developed in such homes, and children will tend to be rebels against life, be they boys or girls. But in the case of the girl, such homes only add further to an already heavy burden of conflicts.

This rebellion against life may not necessarily end in a neurosis. The rebel may work her protest out in action rather than escape, in offense rather than retreat. She may become a criminal, or a distinguished critic. She may lead reform movements, become a Carrie Nation, or a feminine Hitler. Nor even if she retreats need she adopt a neurosis: she may become a hobo, a recluse, may seek the *dolce far niente* of some Pacific isle.

NEUROTICS VARY enormously in type. On the one hand, there is the woman who lies paralyzed in bed, absolutely secure beneath the sheets from the need of going forth to meet life. On the other hand, there is the woman who seems merely a wayward, undisciplined creature, who flies off the handle at the least thwart, who develops a “nervous” headache, or “nervous” indigestion, or insomnia, at the slightest threat to her *amour propre*—the discontented society woman type, for instance.

Some might say that all that is wrong with such a woman is mere human perversity, that all she needs is, figuratively speaking, a good spanking. Such women have been cured by spankings that were not figurative, and there must be something in the fact that physical admonishment is good for them because the movies are constantly showing marvellous recoveries from perversity through the effect of a clout in the jaw. But such women, however aggravating and exasperating they may be, act as they do for these two reasons: Because they are trying to find escape from their conflicts, and because they have been badly disciplined to life.

One of the great difficulties that confronts a physician in dealing with neurotics is that the symptoms presented by the

latter so often imitate a physical disease. Pain in the right side—like appendicitis. Hysterical convulsions that mimic epilepsy—and so on. Unless the physician is wary in the face of such outer trappings of physical disease, he may neglect to enquire into the woman's mental life. I suppose that thousands of women have undergone unnecessary operations, and will continue so to do, until the medical profession gives more time to the study of mental ills.

Unfortunately the profession is still too obsessed with physical disease. Nor is this entirely its fault, since human psychology is not yet even a minor subject in the curricula of most medical schools, and even where it is taught it is surrounded with so much of the jargon of long-dead theories and so little of real horse sense, that it conveys little insight to the student. As a result of this the neurotics become a fertile field of exploitation for the patent medicine vendor, the faith healer and the fake psychoanalyst; in the meantime remaining a trial to their husbands and friends, and a positive menace to their children.

What can be done for them?

I make this statement without fear of contradiction: unless something is done our insanity rate, already on a tragic and rapid increase, will take on an even more ominous upward curve. If anyone doesn't believe that insanity is on the increase, let her read statistics. A well-known authority has recently stated that at the present rate of increase, in thirty years one out of every fifty persons in the Western world will at some time or other in his life go insane—in other words there will be more neurotics, and more of these will carry their partial escape from life over into the complete one that insanity represents. For the insane person is one who has retreated entirely from reality into a world of his own.

What can be done, then?

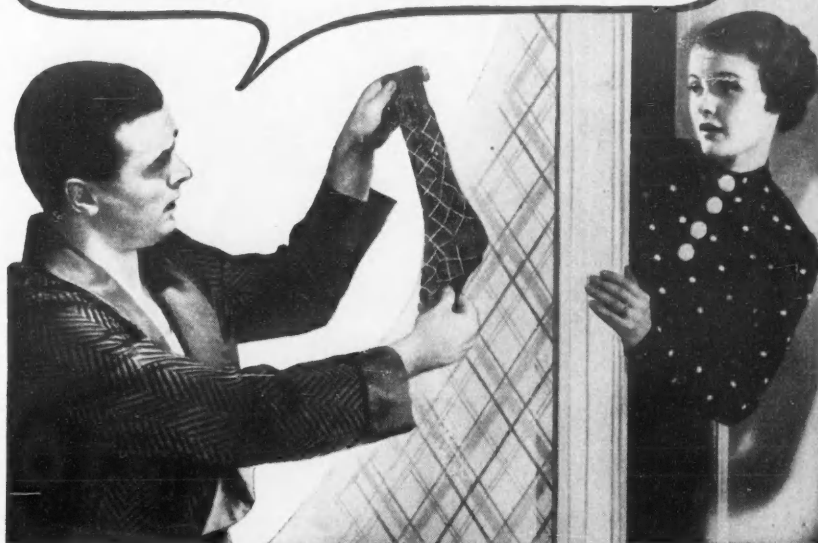
IN THE FIRST place, we can learn to understand the woman with “nerves,” the neurotic. We can learn to understand that she is escaping from life because she has found life too hard, because the discipline she underwent as a child did not adjust her properly to life. We can learn to understand that she is not wilfully escaping, that she really does not know that she is a fugitive, but that this is a trick played on her by her unconscious mind.

With this understanding we can cease handling her in either of the two ways that are worst for her. On the one hand, by ceasing to regard her as a malingerer, an “imagine,” we will give up our attitude of barely veiled contempt and impatience. And on the other hand, we will not employ that type of maudlin sympathy toward her, that constant playing up to her whims, that is the very meat and drink of her distorted ego.

And then, perhaps, we might begin to do something in the way of prevention, by employing psychologists in our schools who would help the maladjusted young to reconcile themselves to life, or find a *modus vivendi* by means of which their conflicts would do them the minimum of harm. I realize that to expect the introduction of such a technique into an educational system that is still highly archaic, that creaks with the outworn and the outmoded, that cannot even provide proper educational facilities, smacks of the Utopian, and will unquestionably be stigmatized as impractical by educational authorities. But if we are to do anything to stem the ominous increase of mental ill-health something along these lines must be included.

But we must certainly do something to improve the discipline by which our girls are conditioned to life. We must so prepare them for life that events will have no more power to shock them, to bewilder and pain them, than is now the case with our boys. For one thing we must teach them that tears are a silly weapon in the face of conflict, that all those weaknesses we connote in the word “womanly” must be replaced by those strengths we connote in the word “manly.” And we must do more

Look at these—small enough for Junior!



### 5 Points to Remember in Washing Woollens



1. Measure before washing—stretch to shape while drying.
2. Use lukewarm Lux suds, and rinse in water the same temperature.
3. Avoid rubbing, wringing or twisting.
4. Dry indoors away from direct heat.
5. Lux has no harmful alkali as many soaps have—cannot shrink wool fibres. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

Won't Shrink Woollens



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## RENDELLS



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Tears, angry tears, came very close, but after a pause she went on. "Stephen's coming back tomorrow. He's important now. Everywhere in the world people are talking about him. They're going to give him a big dinner. I'm to sit there, next to the President of the University, and look in the faces of all those people, these friends of Stephen's who are so proud for him, and know that somehow Stephen and I have cheated them."

And worse than that: when I sit there facing them, thought Ann, I'll be knowing that they're laughing and whispering at me, at Stephen, for something else, too, something really cheapening. Because I'm going to go to Mrs. Manning, and tell her just why she must take care of Louise. And the whole town will buzz with it—believing, as towns do, the dirty, gossipy worst.

"Ann," said the voice of Tillie, and it

was a voice that even in pain and anger Ann had to listen to. "will you believe me when I tell you I didn't want to come to your town? That's true. But there is a mine, Ann."

Deliberately, as she always moved, Tillie stood up, tall and remote, so that Ann fell back a step. Ann thought she looked at her almost with scorn.

"Gather yourself together, Ann, and go home. And be woman enough, for once in your life, not to pitch this trouble on to Stephen the first thing he comes back. This is his great honor, and nothing can rob him of that. Hold on, Ann, till after the dinner. Then you can do what you please."

"Are you going to do something, Tillie. about the mine? Are you?"

"Yes."

"What? What can you do? Answer me that!"

"I'll be at the dinner, Ann, that's all."

[To be concluded]

## CANADA'S CHILD

by Frances Shelley Wees

Are you Canada's child?

Do you wander her meadows, gather her bright flowers,  
Do you walk her grey streets, follow her winding roads, on your way to school?  
Are you Canada's child?

Come then, little Ellaf, with your pale shining hair and sea-blue eyes;  
You are Canada's child now.  
You are from Iceland; your fathers are known in the world.  
They are strong and brave. They are fearless men.  
They dared the wild waves a thousand years ago.  
Will you be strong and brave here in your new home?

Come then, little Ileana, what have you brought from your hidden valleys?  
From your grandmother's whitewashed cottage with the thatched roof?  
Have you remembered her patterns? Are they woven into your mind?  
Show us her tapestries. Show us her old embroideries.  
Give us the bright threads into our clumsy hands.  
Our cloth is plain and new. Teach us your colors.

Come then, little Matsumoto, tell us of what you love.  
Tell us of cherry blossoms, of waterfalls, of temples, of old mountains,  
Read to us your poems painted with hair-fine brushes on shining silk.  
Our country is so big.  
Make us look at it closely, Matsumoto, make our eyes see in it  
The small perfect things that give you joy.

Come then, Sonia, with your pointed chin and delicate hands;  
What do you bring, from the old land that was yours? Do you bring music?  
Do you bring dark songs in your heart, the songs  
Of those who loved their country and were driven away?  
Sing them to us. They are beautiful.

Come then, dark-eyed Yvonne. Why, we cannot say 'come' to you!  
You have been Canada's child for three hundred years.  
You are here too, little Daphne, with your ash-blond hair,  
With your pink cheeks and clear English gaze, you are our older sister.  
And you, Bruce, from the rugged northern glens;  
You have been our strength from the beginning.

What can we say to you, Running Wolf, little brother?  
Will you tell us what the wind means when it blows in the autumn?  
Will you show us the ways of the forest?

You are all Canada's children now, you, Ileana, you, Matsumoto,  
You, little Loyze, you, Ellaf, you, Margarita,  
You, Angelo, and Michael.

You are all Canada's children now.  
What do you bring to her in your small warm hands?

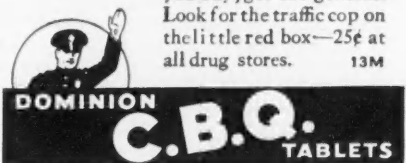
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**Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer** AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35¢-75¢

**Be Wise—Alkalize**

Alka-Seltzer makes a sparkling, effervescent solution when you mix it with water. You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

**GASTRIC ACIDITY** I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE WORK TODAY, MY STOMACH'S ALL UP-SET. A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

**COLDS** WHEN IT COMES TO DOGGING COLDS, YOU SURELY TAKE THE PRIZE. OH, I'VE BEEN PLAYING SAFE THIS YEAR—I ALKA-SELTZERIZE.

**HEADACHE** MY HEAD ACHES SO, I'VE GOT TO GO AND FIND A PLACE TO REST. I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, FOR I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT BEST.

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY  
NATIONAL NIGHT  
NBC NETWORK

## How Are Your Nerves?

(Continued from page 11)

of life so that when later he comes to grips with them a minimum of shock results. On the other hand, it is not considered unnatural for her to do certain things—such, for instance, as dissolving into tears—which in him would be considered unmanly yet in her is held to be essentially feminine. Indeed, is it not his custom when referring to a particularly frail act to stigmatize it contemptuously as “sissy”—like sister?

I have fulminated on several occasions against the real lack in a girl's upbringing to prepare her for the realities of life: so far without striking a spark of response in either the male or female world. But is it any wonder that, with life bearing down harder on her than on her brothers, with her discipline less fitted than theirs to prepare her for life, that she is more prone than they to seek escape from life—any escape—be it even by means of a neurosis?

Granted that there is an element of waywardness, a lack of moral hardihood in the neurotic's progress toward her neurosis, in the main this is conditioned by her surroundings and the circumstances in which she was brought up. We know that the child of a tubercular home is more likely to develop tuberculosis than the child brought up in a healthy one. The same is true of a child brought up in a home where one or both parents are neurotic or maladjusted; where the turmoil of family life increases the emotional conflicts. Homes in which cruelty, fear, timidity, injustice, ill-temper, bitterness, over-indulgence, financial or emotional instability, and too much or too little affection are constantly manifested form the sort of unhealthy atmosphere in which neuroses are born. A proper discipline toward life cannot be developed in such homes, and children will tend to be rebels against life, be they boys or girls. But in the case of the girl, such homes only add further to an already heavy burden of conflicts.

This rebellion against life may not necessarily end in a neurosis. The rebel may work her protest out in action rather than escape, in offense rather than retreat. She may become a criminal, or a distinguished critic. She may lead reform movements, become a Carrie Nation, or a feminine Hitler. Nor even if she retreats need she adopt a neurosis: she may become a hobo, a recluse, may seek the *dolce far niente* of some Pacific isle.

NEUROTICS VARY enormously in type. On the one hand, there is the woman who lies paralyzed in bed, absolutely secure beneath the sheets from the need of going forth to meet life. On the other hand, there is the woman who seems merely a wayward, undisciplined creature, who flies off the handle at the least thwart, who develops a “nervous” headache, or “nervous” indigestion, or insomnia, at the slightest threat to her *amour propre*—the discontented society woman type, for instance.

Some might say that all that is wrong with such a woman is mere human perversity, that all she needs is, figuratively speaking, a good spanking. Such women have been cured by spankings that were not figurative, and there must be something in the fact that physical admonishment is good for them because the movies are constantly showing marvellous recoveries from perversity through the effect of a clout in the jaw. But such women, however aggravating and exasperating they may be, act as they do for these two reasons: Because they are trying to find escape from their conflicts, and because they have been badly disciplined to life.

One of the great difficulties that confronts a physician in dealing with neurotics is that the symptoms presented by the

latter so often imitate a physical disease. Pain in the right side—like appendicitis. Hysterical convulsions that mimic epilepsy—and so on. Unless the physician is wary in the face of such outer trappings of physical disease, he may neglect to enquire into the woman's mental life. I suppose that thousands of women have undergone unnecessary operations, and will continue so to do, until the medical profession gives more time to the study of mental ills.

Unfortunately the profession is still too obsessed with physical disease. Nor is this entirely its fault, since human psychology is not yet even a minor subject in the curricula of most medical schools, and even where it is taught it is surrounded with so much of the jargon of long-dead theories and so little of real horse sense, that it conveys little insight to the student. As a result of this the neurotics become a fertile field of exploitation for the patent medicine vendor, the faith healer and the fake psychoanalyst; in the meantime remaining a trial to their husbands and friends, and a positive menace to their children.

What can be done for them?

I make this statement without fear of contradiction: unless something is done our insanity rate, already on a tragic and rapid increase, will take on an even more ominous upward curve. If anyone doesn't believe that insanity is on the increase, let her read statistics. A well-known authority has recently stated that at the present rate of increase, in thirty years one out of every fifty persons in the Western world will at some time or other in his life go insane—in other words there will be more neurotics, and more of these will carry their partial escape from life over into the complete one that insanity represents. For the insane person is one who has retreated entirely from reality into a world of his own.

What can be done, then?

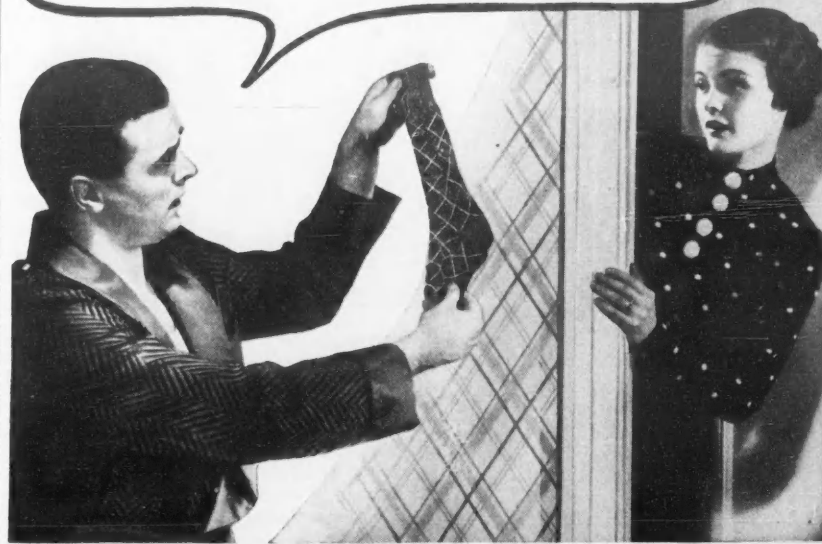
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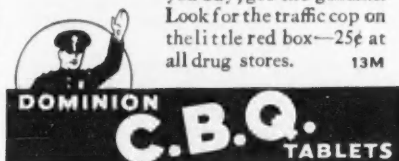
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**GASTRIC ACIDITY** I DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE WORK TODAY, MY STOMACH'S ALL UP-SET. A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS JUST WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

**COLDS** WHEN IT COMES TO DOING A COLD, YOU SURELY TAKE THE PRIZE. OH, I'VE BEEN PLAYING SAFE THIS YEAR—I ALKA-SELTZER-IZE.

**HEADACHE** MY HEAD ACHES SO I'VE GOT TO GO AND FIND A PLACE TO REST. I'D TAKE AN ALKA-SELTZER, I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT BEST.

## Family Affair

(Continued from page 13)

Kit lifted her eyebrows rather dubiously. She didn't want to feel differently. She didn't, she had to admit, want particularly to be a mother herself. And she couldn't help reflecting on the unique satisfactoriness of her own situation, that she wasn't either troubled by not having children or worried by having them.

Callie dropped the last pear into the kettle. "Let's see, you're leaving Saturday, aren't you? Well, supposing I send the two of you off together somewhere tomorrow and let you have a talk with Daisy. What do you think?"

"You can count me out," Kit said. "I won't have anything to do with it. It's just none of my business."

"There, that can be left to cook up," Callie said untying her apron. Her face had taken on the confident, managing expression that had always exasperated Kit.

"I won't hurt you to get to know your niece," she said, and added, "You just use your judgment. She'll take it from her Auntie."

AND THERE they were, sure enough, Kit and Daisy, standing round next morning, tongue-tied, in embarrassment, through the Dream Cottage in the department store to which Callie had packed them off, first thing after breakfast. Kit felt cross, and terribly bored by the Dream Cottage, with its cheerful glazed windows, its dimity curtains and rose-shaded lamps, brightly connubial. Our grandpa had the right idea, she was thinking grimly, when they set their homes up with brooding black walnut and expiatory horsehair; when suddenly Daisy turned to her. "Oh, Aunt Kit, wouldn't you like—don't you think it would be fun to live in?" she said wistfully.

Kit was silent a moment, surprised and rather touched. Then, "Lovely to live in!" she said smiling.

After that they wandered through the store, through aisles of columned silk and dress salons with pale frocks hooded under cellophane, like flowers under glass. For the first time they were at ease together, all their stiffness and timidity dissolved. In the millinery department Daisy selected a hat for Kit, a little biscuit-colored beret folded with brilliant French perversity in the shape of a turnover.

"But, my child, I have to have a brim!" Kit said.

"No you don't. You don't need a brim till you're thirty-five," Daisy said.

She was thirty-six, Kit pointed out, and Daisy was at first shocked, then comforting. "Nobody would ever dream it!" she said and Kit laughed and bought the hat. "I'm supposed to be remarkably preserved," she said.

By lunchtime their friendship had reached the stage where it promised full security, yet offered further adventure. "Darling you must come to New York," Kit was saying. "You can do anything you like. Buy clothes, go to the movies, sit on a bench in the Battery and fall in love with a sailor."

She was suddenly aware that Daisy's attention had wavered, her smile had gone past Kit to meet someone coming toward them between the tables. "Hello, Oliver!" Daisy said.

"Hello, Daisy!" The young man paused, a little hesitant, beside their table.

"Aunt Kit, this is Oliver Sayle," Daisy said.

He was tall and slight and rather shy. "Oliver Sayle!" Kit said, groping for some association. Then suddenly it came, making her laugh, it was so innocent and unexpected. Little Ollie Sayle and the pink-washed Infant Classroom and the big

colored pictures of David before Saul, and Jonah waking astonished under his gourd.

"I believe I taught you in the infant class in Sunday School," she said, "I remember the name. I probably dressed you up as a crocus in a flower-drill."

He laughed, too, at that, partly in relief. "I remember it, too. One of the other crocuses swiped my braces."

There was a little silence. Oliver glanced at Daisy. "Aunt Kit, would it be all right—would you mind if Oliver had lunch with us?" Daisy said.

"I think it would be very nice," Kit said politely. Oliver sat down.

He was working, he told her, on a morning paper. "That leaves me quite a lot of my day free. I'm in my last year law."

"He's taking up International Law," Daisy said proudly.

"Really!" Kit said, brightly. "How splendid! Then some day I may be able to tell people I helped to button an international jurist into his winter leggings."

They laughed at that with exaggerated amusement. But already Kit could feel she was beginning to recede from them; and in a moment or two she had been dropped, along with the waitresses and diners and the chatter of voices and dishes, completely out of their world. Her eyes rested in astonished curiosity on her niece's face. Daisy's eyes had darkened, her color had flushed and deepened; every moment she seemed to grow more radiant, like a creature awakened, dazzled, but confident in its own element. They were so absorbed and ardent and young that Kit lost herself in watching them, as though it had been a moment in a play.

Suddenly Oliver remembered her, extending the salt and pepper. "I've got a son," he said, "nearly two years old. He's a young demon."

"He's not a demon," Daisy said. "He's sweet."

"A son!" Kit said, holding the pepper shaker, staring from one to the other.

"I'm giving him boxing lessons," Oliver said. "In about six months he'll be able to pull all over his old man."

"Heavens!" Kit murmured, and set the pepper shaker down with a sense of revelation.

It was near two when they rose from the table. Oliver left them at the entrance of the store, where Kit was to pick them up. They stood in the doorway, waiting for Gil. Daisy was still utterly alone, so enclosed in her own world that you could no more enter it than you could walk in. Suddenly through another person's dream, when her eyes met Kit's and she came slowly back to reality.

"You didn't mind, did you, Aunt Kit?" she said. "You see I can't have him at the house, mother's so awful to him."

She hadn't minded at all, Kit said. She could see the car approaching, with Callie in the front seat, leaning forward like a captain at the rail, the light flashing on her glasses. "I'm glad you asked him, darling," Kit said. "I liked your Oliver. I liked him very much."

KIT'S TRAIN left at five o'clock the next afternoon. At four she was in her room packing her clothes. And all the time as she moved about gathering up shoes and hats and brushes, her mind was deeply occupied with Daisy. Since yesterday they had met only at mealtime, when Daisy appeared, briefly conjured, then vanished again. She scarcely ate and there was a still excitement about her that made Kit uneasy. Only when their glances met, Daisy's eyes were so clear and warm and grateful that Kit could only smile in return, feeling at once gratified and guilty. She was thinking now that it was a little like being in love, this sudden irresistible quickening toward another human being. It was such an unfamiliar feeling that she paused in passing the mirror to see if she actually looked different, amplified and fond. "Like the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*," she thought.

Callie put her head in the door. "Have

[Continued on page 46]



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# To Keep Young and Healthy and Beautiful



In this day of speed and high tension, and worries, the nervous system is subjected to a tremendous strain. Wrinkles and carelines and irritability come early to rob one of youth and beauty and the joys of healthful living.

Many thousands of women have found a great friend in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it helps them to keep young and energetic. You can avoid the tired feelings, and the listlessness which so detract from your charm and personality.



## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

For New Pep and Energy

## Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise—Authentic—  
Essentially Helpful

### HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR Service Bulletin No. 16

Whether long, short, oily or dry, blonde, brown, black or red—the beauty of a woman's hair depends solely on its vitality and grooming. Learn the secrets of a lovely "Crown of glory"—and how to care for special problems and conditions. Price 10 cents.



How to Care  
for Your Hair  
By the Beauty Editor  
Chatelaine

### DRESSING YOUR FACE Service Bulletin No. 17

Which treats with the subtleties of make-up

Not twenty women out of a hundred know how to make-up effectively. Some overdo it; others use the wrong materials. Yet the right make-up can give a plain face charm—a lovely face character. Learn about the make-up which is individually yours. Price 10 cents.



Dressing Your Face  
By the Beauty Editor  
Chatelaine

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Name and  
Address .....

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)

to build up their physical stamina so that those peculiar physiological stresses through which they have to pass will be robbed of peril, pain and fear.

But what of the sufferer herself? How shall she make herself mentally whole? Unhappily, the road to mental redemption winds uphill all the way. There is no short and easy way to a cure that is either satisfactory or permanent. In the first place she must gain insight into the workings of her mind; she must be brought to realize just what her maladjustment is due to, and accept freely all the implications of that realization.

She will find this enormously difficult, for it is one thing to tell her what has happened in her life and another to have her accept it for truth. In fact, her unconscious mind will constantly be urging her to rebel against such an acceptance, and to rebel most passionately. It really requires an act of conversion entirely comparable to religious conversion. And she shall know the truth and the truth shall make her free. In order to accomplish this it may be necessary for her to be led far

back into her past, in order to show her the well-springs of her sickness.

That is the hardest part. But even then the victory is not won. For she must re-educate her attitude toward life. She must learn to speak and think in a new language. She must train herself to surmount all those fears that have kept her from throwing herself fully and unrestrainedly into life. She must steel herself to face the hardest of truths resolutely.

There is probably no such thing as a complete adjustment to life. It probably always will be impossible for an individual to reconcile his or her individual wants to the higher needs of society. But those people who most completely do so are the sanest, for they put the most into life and by so doing get the most out of life. They are also the happiest, for they have ceased to insist on being the pivot about which life shall swing, have learned to realize that their lives are too short—and in themselves too unimportant—for anything else but to be thrown unrestrainedly into the great onward-flowing stream of human endeavor.

## Have You Read . .

(Continued from page 24)

not so vigorously soft-pedal the undeniable inconvenience of travel in far places; but apart from that, the book's a joy.

Accompanied by a young Swiss lady journalist (what could be more genteel?), this determinedly adventureless adventurer travelled 3,500 miles from Peking to Kashmir in seven months. Often they walked, sometimes there was a train, occasionally a horse and other times an ass. They passed through mazes of naive Oriental diplomacy, across huge tracts of barely inhabited land, met brigand and Tartar rebels, but were never shot at.

This book has humor and wonders galore, and the author writes so well as to explode—at last—the myth that it is only the untutored inexperienced hand that can write a good travel book. There is charm, but it is polished. There is beauty, but it is set forth with art. There is cleverness, but it is disciplined. Unlike a lot of travel-writers, Mr. Fleming succeeds because he knows how to write—not because he doesn't!

THE PRIZE for intriguing titles of the moment goes to Rosalind Wade who has just published "Men Ask for Beauty." A challenge? An advertisement for beauty cream? Neither: merely a sound title for a rather true-to-life novel of great distinction.

This is a fascinating tale of a man's success and the need it brings to him of different women. The clever young actor could hardly marry the little factory girl who couldn't keep up with him! Better far that he should shed her and wed the smart, but dumb, society girl. Is it better far that he should do this? One wonders. Brilliantly written, this book—which is full of the liveliest writing, and of splendid character portrayal—puts the question bluntly to its readers—Has a man the right to discard the woman who cannot keep up with him? It is written by a woman who evidently thinks he has, but who leaves the question sufficiently open.

ADRIAN PORTER'S BOOK of sophisticated verse, "The Perfect Pest," is not a best-seller. . . yet. It ought to be, though; perhaps will be. If only because of the illustrations. Although the verses (in two parts, dealing with a dozen perfections and thirteen miscellanies) are better still. By permission of the publishers, I quote:

### THE PERFECT HUSBAND

He never checked the household books,  
He never criticized her looks,  
He left about the petty cash,  
He seemed to thrive on mutton hash.  
He carried home the hats and veils,  
She purchased at the summer sales.  
He paid her modiste in advance,  
He sent her to the South of France.  
In spring, the scrubbing and the  
cleaning  
Provoked no word of doubtful meaning.  
He merely took the largest clout  
And helped to turn his study out.  
Performed each trivial task she set  
him,  
And no one yet has ever met him.

### COMING —

## "MARRIAGE MADE ON EARTH"

By Velia Ercole

What happens when a young, romantic girl elopes with a shiftless, ne'er-do-well? Chatelaine's new novel, beginning next month, is a vivid and emotional picture of what happened to one such romance — It's a story of modern young people — set against the loving, yet relentless ideals of an older generation. A book event of the year.

BEGINNING  
IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE

# Gay Clothes for Grey Days



There's plenty of scope for you in these first 1937 Chatelaine patterns. We've worked for the newest lines the season offers, and gathered up, as well, a whole bag of new tricks for your own home application; bits of things here and there that spell Paris. This season, it's going to be a flair for the right contrast in colors, a knack for adapting a bit of braid, a soupçon of lace, a shimmer of beads, that will mark you as one of those women who KNOW what's being worn . . . or is going to be worn.

Color is the most exciting style news of the year. The Coronation shades . . . deep pottery shades, the sparkling polo tones for out-of-doors, the vivid campus colors for the young . . . they all make the fashion picture promise greater gaiety of tone than has been seen for many seasons. Silhouettes, generally, are becoming a little slimmer, bolero effects are strongly marked, and the Dalmatian influence, following the recent holiday of His Majesty the King on the coast of Dalmatia, swings the trend even more to peasantry than the Tyrolian invasion did.

Details, such as pleats, frills and flounces, all manner of decorative effects in buttons, jewellery, bows and vivid stitching will be greatly in evidence.

On this page you'll find a group of the most interesting of those invigorating, arresting bright-color frocks the spring is going to sponsor.

They represent the trend to one- or two-color costumes in the most vivid shades . . . a pleasing contrast to the black-with-color combination, that will also be extremely good. Do 689 in an elephant skin satin in a soft rose-shaded grey, with a woven belt of roseberry. No. 705 would be lovely in a tailored travel crêpe, in crushed lime, with a white vest, and deep green buttons and belt. Use a duck's egg blue soft wool crêpe for 155 (light-toned woollens are exceptionally smart) with pale gold buttons. Do No. 1224 in a bright fuchsia wool lace, with black gloves and scarf. And make the gracefully bodiced 718 in mink brown flecked wool with gold metallic vest.

Descriptions of patterns on page 47. These are Chatelaine patterns and may be ordered from leading stores or direct from Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. When ordering, give the number and size desired. Price of all patterns, 15 cents.



# Be Young With the Year

*Resolve to meet the Spring  
gaily with unusual colors .  
new lines . . fresh fabrics*



These styles are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from the Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Back views, and material requirements appear on page 47.

Contrasting hemlines . . . three-color ensembles . . . slimmer, freer silhouettes . . . laces, embroidery, scarves, buckles, buttons . . . skirts that flip airily in the breeze . . . color combinations that startle then win you . . . more zippers . . . more tunics . . . more peasantry. Such are the first brush strokes of the 1937 style picture. And the theme song everywhere is "Youth."

If you make 709 (far left on this page) in a black wool, as it begs to be done . . . stir it to color with that rich coronation red or a bright hunter's green.

Another version of 709 would be effective in that delicate new bluey grey that will color the spring picture, with accents of larkspur. Make it in broadcloth. For 699, next, with its frilly lace collar, we'd suggest a gold-flecked brown basket-weave wool. With beige for the lace, and a brilliant porcelain green buckle. Do the next jaunty, swinging frock, 711, in the softest of light leaf-green jerseys, with a belt and scarf contrast of berry red. Honestly, it's one of the newest combinations. And for 671, the sophisticated tunic frock, try a wool crêpe in navy with belt and buckle of white suede.

been to me, to all of us. Working and worrying. You haven't had much fun."

Craig didn't say anything. June looked at him with troubled, childish eyes. "Oh, daddy, I must have been crazy myself for a little while. Are you awfully mad at me?"

He brushed her cheek with his lips. "No," he said.

"And I thought daddy's never played around with other men's wives like a lot of the men do. Oh, I've seen, daddy. I've seen much more than you think I have. Or than mummy thinks I have. It's upsetting sort of to see all that. But dad's always been decent and I'm going to be decent, too, I thought. And when I thought that, I slipped out of the car while Teddy was pounding on the door of the Justice of the Peace trying to wake him up. I slipped out and I ran away as fast as I could. I was awfully frightened then. I hated Teddy. I never wanted to see him again. And I came here and got that nice man to telephone you. And—well, I guess that's all." June slumped wearily on the stool.

"You're worn out, June," Craig said. "You're all in. Let's go home to your own little beddy-by."

She smiled at him. "Beddy-by! That's what you used to say when I was a little, little girl, didn't you? I remember."

"You're still a little girl," Craig said.

He paid and thanked the counterman.

In the car Craig took the wheel. June cuddled up against him, her head on his shoulder.

"Am I in your way?" she asked.

"No," he said. "Never."

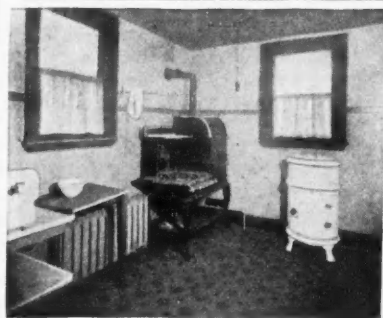
"Mother sometimes doesn't seem to understand things," June murmured sleepily, "but you do. And you and I, daddy, we've got to be friends. We've got to."

"Yes," Craig said.

They drove home and, driving, Craig thought of Daphne. And while the thought was horrible to him, it seemed to him that if June had plunged into this too-early, altogether wrong marriage she, in time, might have become like Daphne. Sudden marriage, disillusionment, divorce, the ugly pattern repeated all over again. That, he imagined, was what Daphne had been through. Poor Daphne! Well, he wasn't going to see Daphne again. He'd send her flowers, make some excuse about Monday night. It wasn't difficult to break off an affair that had never really started.

After all, he wasn't any more decent than June. Not as decent. Perhaps he should tell her. His conscience worried him. He looked at June but June was asleep. It was just as well. Why tell her? Why destroy, if ever so slightly, her faith in him, the faith that had saved her. Meal ticket! Well, June had shown him his job and his justification. A meal ticket could provide all sorts of a meal—love and understanding and help in every sort of way. Not only food. Not only shelter.

"Yes, we've got to be friends. We've got to!" Half-aloud he repeated June's words. Yes, it was June who had spoken the fundamental truth. "That's exactly what we need," Craig thought. "Exactly what we've been looking for. Both of us. All of us."



An out-of-date inconvenient kitchen.



After a little face-lifting.

—Wilkes & Fisher, Architects.

COMING!

*Chatelaine's*

## Home Improvement Contest

Every month, beginning March, Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best example of home improvement submitted each month.

Planning to take advantage of the Government's assistance in making loans available for renovating your house?

Then take photographs before — and after. Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 every month for the best ones received.

The amount of money you spend is not important. It's ideas we want—and actual photographs or sketches illustrating those ideas. Attach with your photographs a brief outline of the cost and details of the plans involved.

The first month's contest will close March 30th, and the prize-winning photographs will be published in the first possible issue of Chatelaine, and month by month afterward. Those which do not win the monthly prize may be purchased by Chatelaine at usual rates.

Photograph your renovations — and win a prize!

(See February Chatelaine for further details.)

Send your entries to

HOME IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT

Chatelaine Institute,

481 University Ave., Toronto.



# 113

# PRIZES

for EMBROIDERING a CORONATION MOTIF

### 1st PRIZE

Round trip cabin passage to London, Eng., sailing from Montreal, April 29th, 1937, or value in cash.

2nd PRIZE \$50.00 IN CASH - 3rd PRIZE \$25.00 IN CASH

10 Prizes of \$5 each as well as 100 Fancy Sewing Boxes containing an assortment of Coats' and Clark's Threads.

● The world looks to London for a spectacle of unparalleled splendour next May, when magnificently embroidered robes will richly register the grandeur of the occasion and set the fashion trend to embroidery. Opportunely we present "Coronation Embroidery Designs", whose traditional interest and sentiment will prove a stimulating delight to your embroidery needle. Our new Coronation Embroidery Contest Book complete with these new designs and transfers and full details of our Coronation Embroidery Contest may win you a glamorous trip to London.

### HOW TO WIN

Secure our Coronation Embroidery Contest Book. Select any one of the Coronation Designs and embroider it on any article you choose. For the most artistic adaptation of a design taken from our book as well as the most beautifully worked, we are offering a free trip to London as well as 112 other worthwhile prizes.

Get the Coronation Embroidery Contest Book at your usual Store or use the Coupon.

## CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON

Made in Canada by the Makers of Coats' and Clark's 6-Cord Spool Cotton.



The Canadian Spool Cotton Company, Dept. X-61, P. O. Box 519, Montreal, P.Q.

I enclose 25c. Please send me "Coronation Embroidery Contest Book", complete with transfers and working instructions, and full details of your Coronation Contest.

Name.....

Address.....

CONTEST CLOSING MARCH 27th, 1937

288

ALSO \$80.00 IN PRIZES OFFERED BY THE MAKERS OF *Milward's* EMBROIDERY NEEDLES.

**DOES YOUR SKIN  
FEEL LIKE A  
File?**



**USE  
COUPON  
BELOW**

● Are your hands coarse to touch? Unsightly to the eye? Does your skin feel like a file? Try using Italian Balm and see how quickly your skin becomes soft again and smooth in texture.

Italian Balm is recognized as being one of the *quickest-acting*, most *inexpensive* skin beautifiers ever invented. In a large city recently, an independent survey of homes revealed this unheard of endorsement: Italian Balm was in the homes of better than 50% of all those buying any such preparation; in better than three times as many homes as any similar toilet goods item.

Non-sticky. Quick-drying. Send for a **FREE** Vanity bottle today.

**Campana's  
Italian Balm**  
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

**FREE** CAMPANA CORPORATION LTD.,  
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Toronto, Ont.  
Gentlemen: I have never tried  
ITALIAN BALM. Please send me  
VANITY bottle FREE and postpaid.

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City.....Prov.....

**WAKE UP YOUR  
LIVER BILE —**

**And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning  
Rarin' to Go**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

**Don't Worry Over  
GRAY  
HAIR**  
**BRUSH IT AWAY THIS  
SAFE WAY**



Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**Meal Ticket**

(Continued from page 9)

Mildred looked affronted. "Well really, Craig, if you think I should let her run wild—"

"She won't run wild. She's a good kid. But all these rules and regulations antagonize her."

"I won't get very far with June if I haven't her father's support in controlling her," Mildred said stiffly.

IT WAS a nice dance although, somehow, dances did not seem as nice as they once had to Craig. "I'm getting old," he thought. But then it wasn't so much fun to pilot the older women a little heavily through the crowd. Dancing was for kids, really. The kids were having a grand time. Above the ruffles of her new full white dress June's head rose like a flower, her face radiant, as she looked up at her partner, the nice Bryce boy. Teddy Ladd was there but he didn't seem much in evidence on the dance floor.

Craig was dancing a duty dance with Mrs. Latimer, the most important dowager of Mildred's set. "Don't forget to dance with Mrs. Latimer," Mildred had said. Trying to steer Mrs. Latimer's fulsome rigidity without any great success, Craig suddenly thought of Daphne Morrison. What fun it would be to dance with Daphne! He imagined she danced like a breeze. Why did he have to be shut off from dancing with the lithe young things? He wasn't so old. Maybe he and Daphne could go somewhere after dinner Monday night and dance. That would be, in no sense at all, a duty dance.

Depositing the flustered Mrs. Latimer in a chair, Craig was surreptitiously mopping his brow with his handkerchief when he saw Mildred beckoning to him. With a bow to Mrs. Latimer and thankfully enough, he crossed the room to Mildred. "It's after twelve," Mildred said. "And I can't find June. Will you look for her? I told her she must leave at twelve. But we needn't leave yet. The nice Bryce boy said he'd drive her home."

Craig looked for June. He looked everywhere.

The nice Bryce boy was looking disconsolate.

"Have you seen June lately?" Craig asked him.

"The last I saw her she was with Teddy Ladd," he answered. "I think they went out to Teddy's car. Look here, Mr. Quinby, do you mind if I say something?" He blushed—"It's none of my dashed business but—"

"Shoot!" said Craig.

"I suppose I am a rotter to say anything, but I wish June wouldn't see so much of Teddy. He's not—well, I guess you know what I mean. And June's so swell."

Craig returned to Mildred. He knew Mildred would not welcome the news he brought. "Teddy's taken June home," he said. "At least I think he has."

"How perfectly disgusting!" said Mildred. "And here I've been so happy because she hasn't been dancing with him. You'd better telephone home."

Craig telephoned. The sleepy maid who answered said, no, she didn't think Miss June had returned. She'd see. A pause. A wait. No, Miss June wasn't in her room.

He reported to Mildred. Mildred looked really worried this time.

It was getting a little serious.

"We'd better go home. Or should we wait here hoping she'll come back? Oh, I don't know what to do. I don't want people to know—" Mildred's face looked a little blotched with worry.

Eventually Mildred and Craig went

home. It was almost half-past one when they got there. But June hadn't returned.

Craig was worried, too, now. Terribly. He had a funny squashed feeling inside himself. He and Mildred sat in the living room looking at each other. It was two o'clock.

"Do you suppose I should go look for them?" he asked.

"Where?" said Mildred.

He didn't know where but looking for them would be better than sitting here waiting.

"You haven't called Teddy's house," said Mildred.

"They wouldn't be there. June wouldn't would she? Besides, we're apt to wake up old Mrs. Ladd."

"What do I care?" Mildred said. "Telephone there."

He did telephone. He did wake up Mrs. Ladd. And Teddy wasn't there. "Oh, dear, do you suppose there's been an accident?" Mrs. Ladd's whimpering old voice asked.

Had there been an accident? It was half-past two.

"Do you think we should call the police?" Craig asked.

"No!" Mildred said sharply.

They sat there looking at each other.

Then, when it was almost three, the telephone in the hall tinkled faintly. Craig rushed to it. It was a man's voice. "I want to speak to Mr. Quinby," said the voice. "Mr. Quinby, not Mrs."

"This is Mr. Quinby." So there had been an accident!

But now it was June's voice. "Oh, daddy, I wanted to speak to you, not mummy. I'm at a hot-dog stand in Niagara—one that stays open all night. Please come and get me." She gave the location.

"Are you all right, June? Are you hurt?"

"No, I'm not hurt. But please come. Please come right away. Hurry, daddy!"

Mildred was standing at his elbow. Quickly Craig explained what she hadn't heard. Mildred was crying. "I guess I haven't been as good a mother as I might have been," she said. "Not understanding enough. No wonder she turns to you."

He patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Go to bed, Millie," he said, as he snatched a hat and dashed out.

"Go to bed!" Bitterly she called it after him.

JUNE WAS sitting, drooping a little, on a high stool at the lunch counter. Her scarlet evening wrap was drawn tightly around her. Her silver slippers were scuffed and dirty.

"Don't scold me, daddy," she said.

He put his arm around her. She was shivering. "I won't scold you, but you'd better come home and go to bed."

"Will you buy me a cup of coffee first? I'm awfully cold. And I owe him"—she indicated the counterman—"some money for the telephone call."

June had her cup of coffee. Craig had one, too. The coffee was hot. They sipped it slowly.

He didn't want to question her. Not just now. But he didn't have to. In a low husky voice she told him. The man was at the other end of the counter poring over a newspaper. No one else was there.

"Teddy was crazy," June said. "Of course he'd had a drink or two too many. I couldn't do anything with him. And then nothing would satisfy him but we come here and get married. He said you could get married in New York State without getting a license in advance."

"But you're too young, June."

"Teddy said I could lie about my age. Oh, daddy! This is the worst of it! For a time I thought it would be fun. I thought it would be such a sensation if I got married to Teddy suddenly like that. But when Teddy left me in the car before the house where the Justice of the Peace lived, I sort of came to myself. I thought of you, daddy. It was as if you were looking at me and I thought of how good you'd always

(Continued on page 35)

**GET THESE BOOKS  
for Hand-Knit  
UNDIES & AFGHANS**



**SMART STYLES  
and COLORS**

**2 for  
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**More  
Yardage  
IN  
EVERY BALL  
and SKEIN**

Knit your Undies this year—Make a colourful Afghan for your home... easily and economically! Full instructions in Regent Books No. 5 and 6—get both books for 25c. Send to Dept. C-10 THE REGENT KNITTING MILLS LIMITED MONTREAL

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REGENT Wools**

**DARLING,  
HOW  
BEAUTIFUL  
YOU ARE  
WITHOUT  
THOSE  
PAINTED  
LIPS!**

**I USE  
TANGEE.  
NOW, DAD!**



● That painted look is bad enough on any woman—on young girls it's absolutely repulsive to men. But have no fear of Tangee Lipstick. It can't make you look painted—it isn't paint! As you apply Tangee, it magically changes to the one shade of blush-rose most flattering to your type. Made of a special cream base, it keeps your lips soft, smooth and youthful. Try Tangee—two sizes... 50c and \$1.00. Tangee Face Powder also contains the magic color-change principle. Ends that "powdered" look.

**UNTOUCHED:** Lips without any lipstick often look faded, make the face seem older.

**PAINTED:** Lips colored with paint look unnatural, coarse, and men don't like it.

**NATURAL:** Intensifies the natural rose of your lips, ends that painted look.

**World's Most Famous Lipstick**

**TANGEE**

**ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK**

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Palmer's Ltd., 750 Vire St. W., Montreal, Can.  
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Send 15c (stamps or coin).

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SOFTEN RED, ROUGH  
"Sandpaper Skin"  
SOONER THIS WAY  
Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



**OUTDOOR work can ruin your looks!** The cold chaps your skin red, almost raw. But Hinds Honey & Almond Cream puts softness back again. Special creamy lubricants soak into the roughness. Every soothing drop does good. Chapped skin softens up faster.

#### FREE LOTION DISPENSER

At last—a dispenser cap that fits right on the bottle—not on the wall—saving time and lotion! No spilling. No muss. No waste.

#### SEND NO MONEY

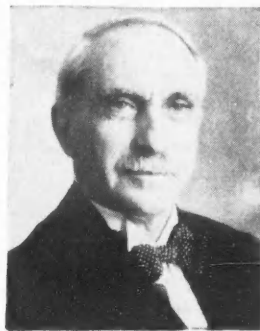
Simply print your name and address clearly on the inside front panel from the 50c size Hinds Honey & Almond Cream carton. (Or, if you prefer—the inside front panels from two of the 25c size cartons). And send to A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited, Dept. B1, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. Your free Lotion Dispenser will be sent to you immediately. (This Dispenser will not fit the 15c size bottle.)

**DAILY RADIO TREAT**—Ted Malone—inviting you to help yourself to Happiness as you help yourself to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 p.m. over Columbia Broadcasting System and CFRB, Toronto.



**HINDS**  
HONEY & ALMOND  
**CREAM**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN CANADA

## Chatelaine Baby Clinic



### Dr. McCULLOUGH'S QUESTION BOX

**Question**—Should an expectant mother have a tooth filled?—Mrs. J. P., Sask.

**Answer**—Undoubtedly. Why not? An expectant mother should have all the comfort she can and an aching tooth is distracting to say the least.

**Question**—Baby girl, born May 7 last, weighs 13 lb. She is fed on a milk mixture 16 oz. to 8 water, 2 lime water and 2 teaspoonfuls granulated sugar every three hours, four oz. at a time. She has a good deal of colic and looseness of the bowels. How can these be remedied?—Mrs. G. J. E., Willow Trail, Alta.

**Answer**—Your baby is now over 6½ months old and should weigh about 16½ lb. The diarrhoea and gas are due to improper feeding. Try the following: at six to nine months: Milk 30 oz., water 10 oz. and 3 level tablespoonfuls granulated sugar or, if the looseness of bowels keeps up, the equivalent of dextri-maltose which is not so laxative. Give in five feedings at intervals of four hours. Cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful before each of four feedings and 1 oz. orange juice diluted with equal water at 9 a.m.

If hungry, give 2 or 3 rounded tablespoonfuls of well-cooked cereal in morning and/or afternoon, a rusk or zwick back to chew, and boiled water freely.

**Question**—Boy, eight months old, weighs 22 lb. He is cross at times and wakens every hour or two during the night. Is breast-fed with supplementary feeding of milk and water with corn syrup. Please give proper proportions as he grows older. He also has cereal and scraped apple.

Girl, 2½ years, grinds her teeth, is underweight and sleeps with mouth open. She seems quite bright but does not talk and cannot sound the letter "L." Would she be tongue-tied? Is the operation for tongue-tie safe to be entrusted to the average doctor?

**Answer**—The girl may have enlarged tonsils. Take her to your doctor and ask him to see if she has tongue-tie. Any doctor can do the little operation quite well if it is needed. The child may be backward, but some children, otherwise normal, are

slow in talking. Examination only will discover the cause in this case.

The boy is well overweight. He is probably overfed. That would account for crossness and irregular wakening. He might gradually be weaned. Use formula prescribed for Mrs. G. J. E., Willow Trail, this issue.

**Question**—Baby girl, six weeks old, is breast-fed for 20 minutes. She does not seem to be satisfied, and cries during the day but sleeps well at night. Should I nurse her till the breast is empty? When should I give cod-liver oil and orange juice? Please send baby book.—Mrs. J. R. L., Liverpool, N.S.

**Answer**—Let the baby empty the breasts. That is the surest way to maintain the supply. Begin cod-liver oil at one to two months and orange juice at three. I regret that the Government has stopped issuing baby books.

**Question**—Please advise as to weaning my eight-months-old baby. What care should be given breasts? Would like to hear from you by mail if possible.—Mrs. W. M. D., Ukraina, Man.

**Answer**—Direct answers to questions are given when a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Baby should be weaned at nine months. The weaning should be gradual. One bottle of artificial food should be substituted each day for the 10 a.m. nursing. A couple of days later the 6 p.m. nursing should be similarly replaced and two days later the 6 a.m. nursing. The 2 p.m. and the 10 p.m. nursings should similarly be replaced in another two and four days. With this régime there should be no trouble with the breasts. If there is, a firm breast binder, using plenty of talcum powder to prevent chafing, should be applied. See answer to Mrs. G. J. E., Willow Trail, for formula six to nine months.

**Question**—I have twin babies. At five months the boy weighs 16 lb. and the girl 13½ lb. Is this the right weight?—Mrs. F. D. C., Nut Mountain, Sask.

**Answer**—The weights are about right for twins. You must be taking good care of them.

training of mothers for their responsible task.

Fresh air and sunshine, generous use of soap and water and a régime based on the approved teachings of good mothercraft—all this seasoned with simple but apt lessons in self-determination and individual independence and applied to the babies with common sense—that is the magic formula of the quintuplets' first year.

And it is as if Providence—sanctioning and acclaiming the good use of these elementary things—decreed that the Dionne quintuplets should survive.



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Disinfectant  
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## I Nursed the Quintuplets

(Continued from page 36)

It can be given to so many children by a sensible repudiation of the idea that good mothercraft is an instinctive quality and by admitting the necessity of proper

## Blinding Headaches Made Her Helpless

Forced to Lie Down For Hours at a Time

Other sufferers from headaches will be interested to read this letter:—

"Until last summer I was subject to very bad headaches. While they lasted I seemed to lose my sight and all power in my hands, and was forced to lie down for hours at a time. My aunt (who has taken Kruschen Salts for 12 years with beneficial results) suggested my trying them. I did so, and I've not had any return of those headaches for months, in fact I feel quite better. I shall always take Kruschen regularly in future."—(Mrs.) M. W.

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## I Nursed the Quintuplets

(Continued from page 19)

pacifier of her small baby and not a make-believe nipple on a celluloid ring, though it may be adorned with a pink bow.

Of course the time came when the discovery was made by the five of how nice and comforting it seemed to suck one's thumb and fingers. To all babies, in the period between their fourth and tenth month, this habit seems to come like a wave that reaches its culmination and then, by force of nature, recedes.

Yvonne and Annette started to indulge in the trick first, but they soon became so occupied with all manner of new discoveries, exercises and tricks, that they simply had to drop it for lack of time. Neither was little Marie one of those who succumbed to the fascination of the habit.

But Cecile and Emilie proved to be the black lambs of the family in this respect. They spent the night sucking their thumbs. They were experts in employing every available free moment for the noble sport of thumbsucking.

There was no lack of kind and well-meant advice given to us by an interested world. I remember especially a kind of harness, made of aluminum, to be tied with tape to the poor little sucked finger. I can imagine the reaction of the imp, Emilie, if she had been made to wear the contraption. She would have thrown herself about, arching her back, flopping down with a bump until she succeeded in ridding her thumb of it. Then she undoubtedly would have picked it up with deliberation and, while she observed it with deepest interest, she would have sucked alternately at it and at her own thumb.

To draw undue attention to the delinquency of one of the five in the presence of the others was as much avoided as any exhibition of favoritism. So, instead, an offending thumb would, quite casually and unobtrusively, be put out of harm's way a hundred times a day and the baby's attention turned on some more suitable pastime. It was only a few times at night in the privacy of their own beds, that the sleeves of Emilie's and Cecile's nighties were pinned together to keep thumbs from the path of temptation. This seemed to have the desired effect, although it did not completely break the habit. However, it was as far as we ever went in the way of repression and, before the two small culprits had reached their first birthday, their desire to maltreat their thumbs was pretty well on the wane.

WHEN THE great change took place in the nursery on the second day of the New Year, commode chairs were among the novelties installed and the babies were for the first time introduced to the good habit of keeping dry and clean. At regular times the babies were placed on the chambers, before and after feedings and, especially, before going to sleep and directly upon awakening.

At first the result was very encouraging. The number of soiled diapers decreased noticeably, to the great delight of the housekeeper who, having had to struggle with at least a hundred diapers a day in the washing, now could rejoice at having only around fifty to handle.

However, with quintuplets it is rather a difficult task to get each one of the five on and off the chambers at just the right moment. A great deal of the training value in the experiment is gone if the little one is left on too long. Then the baby either falls asleep or gets bored and tries to occupy itself with all kinds of so-called tricks, such as rubbing the head against the back of the chair. The main object of the lesson is to teach the baby what it is expected to do

when it is being placed on the commode chair. But, if the child's mind is allowed to become distracted by boredom or other things, it is evident that the lesson in training has lost most of its point. On the other hand, if the baby is left too short a while on the chamber, naturally it may not have time to realize what it is there for and the training is again ineffective and the good result a great deal delayed.

After the first flush of encouraging success, the continued improvement in the babies' new cleanliness failed to persevere. It is more than likely that our mistake in leaving the babies on the commode chairs too long was the cause of this. Anyhow, to our great disappointment, at the time of their first birthday, we had not yet succeeded in training them to be clean.

But if the babies were not so easy to train in one way, they responded most successfully in others. They adopted with greatest ease and surprising willingness our teachings in good table manners. At the age of ten months, which is at quite a young age for so prematurely born infants, they sat in highchairs and ate with spoons and drank out of glasses as well and as cleanly as any year-old baby could be expected to do.

Nevertheless, young Cecile took it into her head one day that the spinach was not tasty enough. So she pursed her small mouth and, with a great pooh, blew the green stuff all over herself, the table, the nurse and the floor. A few further attempts were made of offering her the tempting dinner, while the napkin, in protection, was lightly held in front of her mischievous mouth. But Cecile was in no mood to relinquish her playing with the food. She continued to purse her lips and blow. Then without further ado the spinach was quietly and casually taken away and she was left to discover that her injudicious antics had forfeited her right to any more dinner. But the increased feeling of emptiness before the next meal, convincingly proved to her the futility of play at mealtimes and repetition was barred, at least for the next feeding, by the augmented eagerness to eat.

There was no necessity to repeat this manoeuvre of training many times before each baby sensed the meaning of it. If appetites were not lacking, they soon pulled themselves together and abandoned their capricious tactics of play out of time in favor of proper table manners.

On the other hand, if the baby does not really feel hungry and its refusal of food is actually a natural readjustment of a small body, it is well to co-operate with this instinctive reaction and leave the child alone until its desire for food is recovered.

All the same, whatever the cause of not eating might be, it did not in any way give an excuse for eating between meals or before the next one. The point of training in the first case and the healthy reaction in the other would have been totally missed, had we permitted ourselves to feed the babies out of time.

GOOD HABITS are, fortunately, just as easily taught from the beginning as bad habits. We endeavored to use all our best judgment to play up this advantageous fact to the fullest. To break off a bad habit is far more difficult than to prevent it from getting hold of the child. Besides, every time it has to be done, there is a small scar left on the sensitive mind of the baby. A "don't," which might have been avoided, has been introduced, perhaps to create an inhibition.

The first day of life is not too early to begin to lay the cornerstone of good habits and happiness in the child's life. If it is important to open the road for healthy development of good habits in the baby at an early age, so the manner of dealing correctly with the appearance of bad habits is of significance. Unfortunately, despite all precautions they are likely to occur sooner or later, some as an inherited tendency, others caused by circumstances outside our power of jurisdiction or provision.

It is wise to make a thorough investiga-

tion of the origin of the bad habit and, upon discovery of the cause, if possible remove it before measures of repression are imposed upon the baby. It is also of importance to observe the baby with such wide-awake attention that the unhappy tendency is perceived before it has had time to become a bad habit. It is equally unwise to awaken the sleeping bear in the child's mind by drawing undue attention to a habit which is yet indulged in almost unknowingly. In some instances the desired results of discouraging bad habits are reached by casually diverting the baby's mind into other channels. At other times it is best to let the little one suffer the consequences, as for example, in playing at mealtimes or refusing food.

On the whole, it is well to bear in mind, that when the baby has been bad, the cause of the naughtiness can almost invariably be traced back to some of our own negligence or improvidence. It is equally useful to remember that the growth of a habit, good or bad, is like a snowball rolling down a slope of soft snow—it grows as it rolls on.

MY INTENTION in writing this story has not been to indulge in wonderment over the biological miracle of five babies, born at the same time to one mother, nor over their unique survival. It has been written in order to share with all mothers and with all those interested in good mothercraft the increased insight into the proper care of the baby which is gained by the mistakes committed and by the success achieved in the rearing and training of the five little sisters. It has no pretensions of being an exhaustive textbook, nor a thrilling tale of a sensational event. But it has sprung from an eager desire to prove that no more extravagant care did the quintuplets enjoy during their first year of life than is the birthright of every baby born.

To me, the birth and the survival of the quintuplets is something far deeper and more important than a curiosity, an experiment in mothercraft, a biological rarity. Their lives are important and significant, not because they are a freak of nature, tempting sight-seers to flock to their gates to gaze at them, but because, by the very fact of their unequalled quintet, they come as convincingly authentic emissaries to accentuate and impress the importance of the baby—to plead the cause of all babies.

For do they not represent the multitude of small children born into the world, burdened by the handicaps brought upon their innocent heads by the position, the place and the parentage into which they are ushered into existence?

Are they not a living plea for all small children, for the new generation for a good and workable foundation in life?

Do they not plead for the small puny children of the city slums, for the babies crawling on the dirty, draughty floor of a backwoods shack or rocked in a cramped position in the inevitable rocking chair of a distant farmhouse, a dirty pacifier sucked between colorless lips?

Do they not plead for the little ones born in plenty and living in luxury, whose very wealth can so easily be a danger to the sound guidance which should bring them escape from the disadvantages of indulgence and satiety if they were less spoiled and mollycoddled?

That which was given to the Dionne quintuplets, not in riches and fame, but in fundamental attributes for happiness—health and mental balance—can be bestowed upon every child. It is only because, in the Dionne case, everything was fivefold and because it has been seen through the exaggerated and sometimes distorting lens of too much publicity, that the care and nursing of these babies during their first year, to some, may seem extravagant.

It can be given at least to all normal babies, because it is in truth simple—only a matter of logical common sense.

[Continued on page 37]



Size 34

## A Smart Cardigan

The original model was knit with  
8 balls of Sea-crest wool.

**Measurements of finished garment.**—From shoulder to bottom of sweater 19 inches. All around at underarm, 32 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 18 inches.

**Tension of Stitch.**—7 sts. to 1 inch, 10 rows to 1 inch.

### Materials

**Required**—8 Balls Wool  
1 Pair No. 9 Needles  
1 Pair No. 10 Needles

**BACK**—On No. 10 needles cast on 108 sts. (K. 3, P. 1), ribbing for 3 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern as follows: 1st row—K. 3, P. 1 to end. 2nd row—P. 3, K. 1. 3rd row—K. 2, P. 1, \*K. 3, P. 1, repeat from \*, ending K. 1. 4th row—P. 1, \*K. 1, P. 3, repeat from \*, ending P. 2. 5th row—K. 1, P. 1, \*K. 3, P. 1, repeat from \*, ending K. 2. 6th row—P. 2, \*K. 1, P. 3, repeat from \*, ending K. 1, P. 1. 7th row—P. 1, K. 3, to end. 8th row—K. 3, P. 1, to end. Repeat these 8 rows throughout Cardigan. Working' pattern for 9 inches. Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows; K. 2 tog. at beginning and end of each knitted row 6 times. Work without decreasing until work measures 5 inches from armhole. Next 12 rows of K. 3, P. 1, ribbing. To shape shoulder—Cast off 7 sts. at beginning of each row 8 times (4 each side), cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

**RIGHT FRONT**—Cast on 76 sts. (K. 3, P. 1) for 9 rows ribbing. On 10th row make first buttonhole—K. 2, cast off 3, K. 3, cast off 3, knit in pattern to end. On next row cast on sts. over those cast off to complete buttonhole. Work ribbing to correspond with back. Now work in pattern, keeping 12 sts. knitted in stocking st. for band. Work to same length as back and buttonholes 2 inches apart. Cast off 3 sts.

at armhole end. K. 2 tog. at armhole end 6 times. Work without decreasing and make 12 rows of ribbing to correspond with back. When work measures 14½ inches in front band, cast off 13 sts. at neck edge then 4 sts. every other row twice, 2 sts. every other row 5 times, then K. 2 tog. every other row until 28 sts. remain. Work same as back for slanting shoulder. Work left front to correspond omitting buttonholes.

**SLEEVES**—On No. 10 needles, cast on 48 sts. Work in ribbing (K. 3, P. 1) for 3½ inches. Then change to No. 9 needles. Work in pattern, increasing at both ends on every 6th row, until there are 86 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures 18 inches to underarm from beginning. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, K. 2 tog. at beginning of each row until 32 sts. remain. Cast off. Other sleeve same.

**COLLAR**—On No. 10 needles cast on 136 sts. (K. 2, P. 2) for 10 rows. Now knit in stocking st., keeping 6 sts. on border plain (each side). Increase 1 st. on the 7th st. and the 7 from the end on every knit row 22 times. Knit 8 rows plain for a border. Sew to neck starting 1 inch from edge of sweater.

**BOW**—Cast on 1 st., K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, all in first st., knit back without increasing. Next row—Knit into front and back of first st. and into front and back of last st. Knit on in this manner until having 24 sts. on needle, keeping 4 sts. plain on each side of bow with centre in stocking st. Work 4 inches without increasing. Now decrease back in same manner.

**STRAP OF BOW**—Cast on 6 sts., work in plain knit for 2 inches. Sew to centre of bow and fasten on Cardigan just above first buttonhole. Sew fronts down neatly.

## When Husbands Meet

(Continued from page 7)

their dances before and never would again. She was, thought Widge, a living exponent of her theory. The trouble was

that she ignored the possibility that other people, especially wives, didn't subscribe to it.

Still, it was fairly obvious that they all wanted to. Widge decided that after all there was nothing in the contract of marriage that kept husbands from being anything but men, or wives from being anything but women. Everybody seemed to be flirting with everybody else. She put the absent indifferent Russ entirely out of her mind. [Continued on next page]



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"Thanks, I'll stick to Sweet Caps!"

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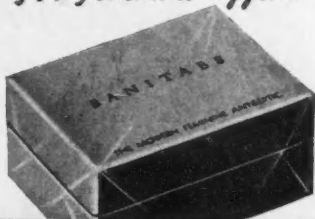
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## Movie-Go-Round

by  
ROLY YOUNG



The hilarious "Three Men on a Horse," finally comes to the silver screen. It's a delightful farce. Frank McHugh with a trick camera becomes all three.

STARTING THE NEW YEAR RIGHT is not very difficult as far as movies are concerned for there are a number around, or coming shortly, that are well above the average in interest and intelligence. Of these, probably the most important (and the one likely to show the poorest box-office returns) is RKO-Radio's film version of Maxwell Anderson's sensational stage hit of last year, "Winterset." Anderson holds an enviable position among American dramatists, with an imposing list of hits to his credit including "Mary of Scotland." In "Winterset" he tried to show that Shakespearean verse was applicable to a modern story, so he chose a slum at the buttress of Brooklyn Bridge for his setting, and gangsters and underworld characters for his people. To put poetry into their mouths sounds like a farcical stunt, but such was Anderson's facility with his pen that the play was an immediate hit. The New York drama critics were so impressed that they voted it the best play of the season, irrespective of Pulitzer awards or other recognition. In moving it to the screen, the adapters have eliminated much of the poetry, but sufficient is still retained (and the interpolated verse is so in keeping) that the photoplay does not lose its classic quality. The three stars of the stage production appear in the screen version, and to even better advantage than they did behind the footlights. The production itself is striking, and the whole film can only be described as beautiful and momentous. About the only film I can think of to compare it with is last year's Academy Award winner, "The Informer." The stars are Burgess Meredith and Margo, the beautiful and wistful Mexican girl you may have seen a couple of years ago in "Crime Without Passion." There isn't much in it for children, and they will probably miss the beauty of it and see only the sordid gangster element, therefore I don't recommend it for them.

*The Garden of Allah* returns in the most gorgeous display of the beauty of Technicolor to date, and should appeal particularly to the older element who liked the book. Marlene Dietrich—looking even more beautiful in color—and Charles Boyer are starred. If you didn't read the story, it's about a monk who fled from his



The bringing of Maxwell Anderson's sensational stage hit, "Winterset," is a momentous mark in motion picture history. Burgess Meredith and Margo in the starring roles.

monastery and his vows and finally sought peace and happiness in the desert. There he met a wealthy young girl in a similar condition of mental anguish, and a whirlwind courtship ends in marriage. They spend an idyllic honeymoon in the desert, but it is interrupted by the monk's conscience and the film comes to a sad ending as he goes back to his monastery and the unhappy bride drives furiously away toward Tunis. Miss Dietrich's acting remains a model of understatement, while Boyer suffers tragically and at great length. Withal, the beauty of the photography is so completely captivating and satisfying that little else matters. Children may find it pretty to look at, but otherwise it is over their heads.

*Theodora Goes Wild* provides a session of that rare good humor and comedy which characterized "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." In fact, the parallel is rather obvious, but the whole thing is very refreshing. Theodora was a small-town girl who wrote a sexy best seller, and, after sundry complications, decided to go to the big city and live up to the reputation she should have as such a type of authoress. You get plenty of good hearty laughs when Theo does go wild. Irene Dunne proves herself a delightful comedienne. Innocuous for children.

*Three Men on a Horse* is the one picture that you must take your husband, brother, boy-friend or dad to see. A great many women will enjoy this hokum farce, but it is really the year's big treat for the men. The stage play is still running in New York after more than 100 weeks, and the film is an improvement on the stage play. It's just one big laugh fest from start to finish. The youngsters will probably enjoy it too.

*Libeled Lady* is another grand laugh show, with a four-star cast headed by William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. The humor is of a more sophisticated variety and there is plenty of it. Highly recommended.

*Go West, Young Man* is Mae West's version of the stage hit, "Personal Appearance," and is Mae's best picture to date, but still not nearly so good a show as the original stage production. Possibly this is because Miss West rewrote it to suit her own talents, and in doing so lost sight of much of the point of the central character. This character is a movie actress on a personal appearance tour. The lady to whom love comes lightly and easily, is being chaperoned by a business manager. Her car breaks down in the country between appearances and Mae sets her cap to ensnare a farmer's son, with the business manager very busy trying to keep things straight. There are many comical complications and it is especially recommended to Miss West's fans.

*Reunion* is the new Dionne Quints' film, which is probably sufficient recommendation to most of the ladies who will

CHATELAINE, JANUARY, 1937

be satisfied to see the famous five cavorting in their nursery and out in the playground. That will have to satisfy them, as the rest is just a routine yarn with practically the same cast that appeared in their first feature picture.

*Along Came Love* finds a lot of good humor in a romance between a young interne and a girl who works in the ash can department of a big store. It is whimsical and will provide plenty of snickers. Irene Hervey and Charles Starrett have the leads.

*Without Orders* is just the stuff for the kids—an aviation melodrama with a spectacular airplane crash, and one of those drawn-out "thrill finales" wherein the heroine brings a huge passenger plane to a safe landing in the middle of the Rockies, guided by the hero's directions by radio.

*Women Are Trouble* will probably please the youngsters too, and thrill-seeking adults may like it. As a newspaperman I'm always a bit resentful of the phony picture that movies give of newspaper life, and this may have dulled my appreciation of this one.

*Two in a Crowd* is a mildly amusing trifle about a girl and boy, both stony broke, who pick up the two halves of a \$1,000 bill in New York on New Year's Eve, and since neither will give up their half, they stick together until they fall in love, there being numerous amusing complications in the meantime.

*Wines Never Know*. Devotees of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland will like this best. It is a matrimonial comedy about a wife and hubby who are happy in a saccharine way until a famous author persuades them that the only real happiness is in being unhappy. So hubby decides to go on a tear and paint the town pink at least, all of which is funny in a farcical way.

*The Devil Doll* is supposed to be a horror thriller about a man who discovers a way to shrink human beings into live dolls which do his bidding and commit murder. Outside of the clever photography it comes perilously close to being a comedy.

*Two's Company*. A funny farce from England with Ned Sparks and Mary Brian from Hollywood and Gordon Harker from England in the leading rôles. All about the ill-feeling between English and American families, with a comedy angle, of course. Extra good for those who like English humor.

*A Woman Rebels*. Katharine Hepburn in another variation of the "Wimpole Street Barretts" theme, and taking a strong bow to "The Old Maid." Katharine rebels against parental authority, has a baby but no hubby, and has to struggle through life pretending to be her own child's aunt, meanwhile fighting the battle for women's rights. The ladies may like it, but the men will be bored stiff.



"Go West, Young Man," is Mae's best picture to date; from the stage show, "Personal Appearance," with Randolph Scott. A typical West show.

# Housekeeping

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT  
CONDUCTED BY HELEN G. CAMPBELL

## 1937

## HOME IMPROVEMENT YEAR

**E**ITHER FROM choice or from necessity we've been "doing without" in a big way these last few years; getting what satisfaction we could out of it by telling ourselves that self-denial is good for the soul and would make strong men and women of us.

But now we're heartily sick of it and more than a little ashamed of the down-at-heel look of our surroundings. We've come to realize, too, that it's poor business to let things go, for not only does it do unpleasant things to our spirit, but it lessens the value of our property and endangers our investment in it. Instead of being economical, in the long run it proves decidedly the reverse.

So it's time for a change, and 1937 brings a rightabout-face in our shortsighted attitude. Judging from all the signs—the modernization programs already under way, the alteration plans being made, the repairs being considered and the wishes being wished—we're entering the great home improvement year. Before long hundreds of antiquated houses will be given a new lease on life—fashion-wise and marketwise. Who knows how far the idea will spread?—for it seems to be as infectious as mirth or friendliness. Reshingle your roof and ten to one your neighbor will admire its trim appearance enough to go and do likewise. Turn a long-neglected basement into an attractive recreation room and some of your friends are sure to follow suit. Paint the house and it seems to start a general clean-up. First thing you know the whole street presents a happier aspect and is considered a more desirable location. Which is to your advantage whether you propose to live there or to sell.

The point is that this is the psychological moment to bring your house into step with modern times; now before the prices of materials and labor rise. If you don't happen to have the necessary ready cash, you can avail yourself of the Government's Home Improvement Loan and borrow any sum up to \$2,000 at a moderate interest rate for whatever permanent repairs and changes you wish to make. This offer is open to all home owners of good business character, whether or not there is a mortgage or lien against the property, and it includes farmhouses as well as city homes. Another oft-resented hurdle in the way of modernization is being overcome by the sponsors of the plan taking steps to secure the agreement of municipalities not to increase assessments on these improvements.

Procedure for securing a loan has been simplified and



A sound structure, but a ramshackle; down-at-heel appearance.



The same house brought up-to-date — smart, trim, desirable.

Photographs of basement rooms — courtesy Johns-Manville Co.



An unsightly trash-littered cellar.



And now a charming recreation room.

stripped of red tape as far as possible. Decide first, in consultation with your architect or contractor, what work you would like to undertake, then see your local bank manager, who will advise you and give you the application form. It is understood, of course, that the money must be used solely for repairs, alterations, or additions, so you must pledge your word to this effect and at the same time agree to return the loan in regular monthly installments or at stated intervals. Repayment is adjusted on easy terms and may be spread over a convenient period up to three years. Under these conditions, any person of integrity who owns a home can secure the required funds for sensible improvements to it, without the necessity of having to save a few dollars at a time and delay the undertaking until he gets enough together, with building costs on the up and up meanwhile. You can start now, take advantage of present prices, do your bit to give employment and have the satisfaction of enjoying your improvements while you pay for them as painlessly as possible.

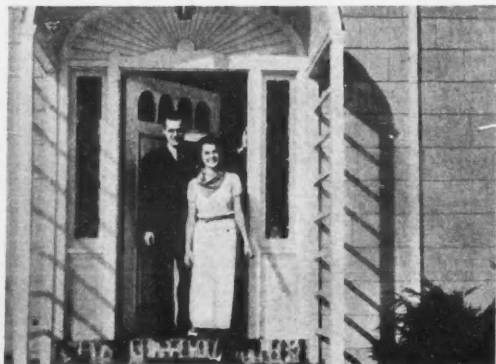
Provided the structure of your house is sound, it's worth a considerable outlay to renew its youth. A fresh coat of paint works wonders in appearance and preservation. A

new coating of stucco, brick veneer or other surfacing material will change its whole aspect. If you like you can go farther and alter its architectural style to conform to a new simplified dignity. You can strip it of nonessentials and add to it in other ways—a sleeping porch, a garage, an extension to the main floor for a room below stairs and a deck above. In fact, under the Home Improvement Plan you can remodel any or every way you like, provided your alterations add to the value of your property and the total cost comes within the \$2,000 limit of the loan.

For important structural changes, unless you're an expert, it's desirable to consult an architect or an experienced and reliable builder whose advice will help you use your money most economically and advantageously.

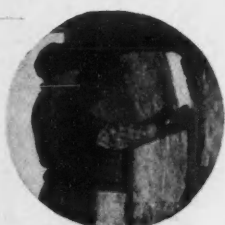
MANY DESIRABLE changes can perhaps be made more cheaply than you have imagined before you get down to cases and figures. *Chatelaine's* Kitchen Idea Contest, which received such enthusiastic response from our readers, resulted not only in new plans being made but in the actual renovation of old-fashioned kitchens into smart, up-to-date ones with the trig appearance, [Continued on page 49]

# Send for these Latest Ideas to make your home Charming, Modern, More Livable



• A background for gracious living, this thoroughly up-to-date little home. Its charm is heightened by beautiful exterior walls of Johns-Manville Cedargrain Asbestos Shingles. In grain and texture, they closely resemble fine weathered wood. But they're permanent. Can't burn, rot, or decay.

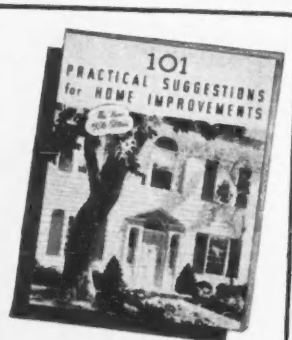
• There's a charming extra room in the house, now. J-M Decorative Insulating Board Tile on the ceiling. J-M Decorative Flexboard on the walls, and J-M Tile Flooring. Three economical materials that can work wonders in your unused basement, or attic space.



J-M Home Insulation keeps rooms cool in summer, winter fuel bills low. Can also be blown into existing homes.



Surfaced with Johns-Manville Asbestos Wainscoting, the economical material for easy-to-clean bathrooms and kitchens.



## REMODELING? This Book of Expert Advice FREE

What to do, and how to do it, most economically. We call it our "101 Book", and it's well named. Actually contains hundreds of home-improvement ideas. Ideas in interesting text; ideas in fascinating full-color pictures.

**T**HINKING of REMODELING? Send for the Johns-Manville "101 Book". See how expertly it helps stretch the budget to cover the improvements you've longed for.

For example, handsome exterior walls of J-M Cedargrain Asbestos Shingles that won't burn and will never rot or decay . . . a recreation room in the basement . . . a kitchen or bathroom resurfaced with colorful, easy-to-clean asbestos wainscoting . . . an asbestos-shingle roof that is permanent and fireproof . . . insulation for year-round comfort and low fuel bills . . .

And, remember, you can pay for whatever remodeling work you have done, out of income under the convenient terms of the Dominion Home Improvement Plan.

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I am planning to remodel. Send the "101 Book", FREE ☐.  
I am especially interested in Home Insulation ☐; Insulating Board for extra rooms ☐; a fireproof Asbestos Shingle roof ☐; Cedargrain Asbestos Siding Shingles ☐; decorative Flexboard for kitchen or bathroom ☐.

Name.....  
Address.....

Send for  
FREE book

She danced in what she hoped was an abandoned manner with George Stedman. She let Kim Henry say things to her which, if his wife could have heard them, would have cost Kim a string of pearls. She found herself floating in the arms of Mr. Gorham.

"Now I'm glad I came," he said, wasting no time. "Who is this lovely girl in the sea-foam dress—the one with the bluest eyes in the world?"

Widge said calmly, "That's me. Your feet work wonderfully, don't they?"

"Only," he said, "when they find soul mates. Have you any reason in a dress shirt for not sitting out the rest of this in a place where we could find out new things about each other?"

"It's in the city seeing a man about a curtain," Widge said.

"Business," Mr. Gorham said happily, "has its uses. Shall we—?"

"No, because here is Mr. Stedman—"

He asked, as they danced, "How're you doing since the emancipation proclamation?"

Widge said suddenly, "I don't want to dance any more. Let's sit outside."

They found a corner on the verandah.

She said, "Does everybody want to be a Mormon?"

He laughed. "The road to Reno is paved with possessiveness."

"But that's all marriage is, isn't it? Owning somebody because you wanted to? Anyway," she turned to him abruptly, "I don't think you like the theory you're living by at all. I think it makes you unhappy."

George Stedman said. "When women began to advance, they ought to have made some arrangement for their men."

Widge sighed. "I suppose you mean that when they rushed out to vote and get men's jobs, they ought to have laid out their husbands' slippers first. But some men don't care. Some men don't care about anything but business. Not even on—on important days like wedding anniversaries—" She stopped, felt for a handkerchief. "I guess I'm going to cry," she said.

George put his arm around her and drew her head down to his shoulder.

"Cry here," he said sadly. "I'd like to cry, too."

Widge got herself in hand after a moment. She sat up and smoothed her hair.

"I'm such a fool. I suppose I look awful."

George said, "You look sweet. I think I'd like to kiss you."

Widge said, hollowly, "Do. It's about time somebody did—"

He bent his head—

It took Widge a full dazed second to realize that the reason his face suddenly left the level of hers and rose up into the air was because someone behind him had him by the coat collar. It took another second for her to grasp the identity of the person who was swinging a fist into Mr. Stedman's astonished features.

"Russ," gasped Widge. "Russ—stop—it's Mr. Stedman."

Russ did not pull his punch. He let it land. George Stedman went down and Russ stood over him, breathing hard and glowering.

"So it's Mr. Stedman," Russ said. "And that ought to make a difference. But it doesn't. Maybe he thinks that a lot of grey goods yardage is more important than—than—" Russ gulped—"being faithful to people. You get up out of there and I'll show you just how much of a damn I give for you—"

"Russ, stop it. He didn't mean it—He—Oh, Russ—" Widge's voice was cracking. She flung both arms around Russ' neck and clung to him. "I thought you didn't love me. I thought you'd forgotten all about me—"

He growled, "You must be crazy. I've been busy. I didn't even see Harvey about changing those looms. Your sister Helen came to the city this morning—"

Widge seized him. "Helen—how is she—why didn't you send for me—"

CHATELAINE, JANUARY, 1937

"Couldn't reach you. Anyway, she's all right. Fred is with her now. She doesn't want anyone else. But his train didn't get in until it was all over. I stayed with her at the hospital until he came." Russ grinned. "It's a boy. Cute."

Widge said slowly, looking up at him. "You stayed with her at the hospital—missed Harvey—"

"Missed," Russ said, remembering Stedman at last, "a lot of things." He turned, frowning, to the biggest business prospect a man ever punched in the nose. But Stedman spoke first, quickly.

"See here—I've been missing a lot, too, Nichols."

He was not looking at Russ. He was looking over his shoulder. The wondering gaze of Russ and Widge followed his to the clubhouse lawn. Fully revealed in the lights from the house a man and woman stood beneath a maple tree. The man's arms were around her shoulders. Her smooth boyish head was uplifted to his—

Mr. Stedman said to Russ quietly, "Just a minute. Wait here until I come back. You've given me the idea—the one I ought to have used several years ago. I'll be right back."

He leaped the verandah rail with startling agility and speed. He landed upon Mr. Gorham. He socked Mr. Gorham, who went down rather heavily.

George Stedman seized his Mimi by the shoulders. He shook her.

"Miss Carmichael," he said, "you're fired."

"I—I was going to resign anyway. I s-saw you kissing that—"

"Did you indeed? What have I been seeing all evening—"

The late Miss Carmichael sobbed, "But women always go for you. I had to have some defense."

Mr. Stedman ceased shaking her. "Do you mean you're just as jealous of me as I am of you? Do you mean you really worry about why I'm late for dinner? Is it possible, Mimi, that you love me as crazily as I love you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know you did—I haven't known for ages—"

George said, "Well, you know it now. And we're going to quit going places with other people and go places together—"

Mrs. Stedman's reply startled Widge's ears. "Together—that's a lovely word, George."

He made a queer throaty sound and bent his head to hers.

Mr. and Mrs. Nichols turned away politely. They grinned at each other.

Then Russ said in a scared sort of voice, "You didn't really fall for him, did you, Widge? I—I guess I couldn't stand a thing like that. I'm awfully crazy about you, Widge."

Widge went into his arms. Maybe if you got a mink coat for Christmas and a diamond bracelet for your birthday and a string of pearls on your wedding anniversary you felt as happy as this—but she doubted it . . .

Stedman's voice, deliberately raised, came to them presently from the lawn.

"Let's go in, darling. I want to see Nichols about a little hundred-inch yardage. Quite a lot of it, in fact—"

The voice died out. Russ looked down into Widge's face a little dubiously.

"He's not getting big-hearted like that on—your account—"

Widge said, "Didn't you see him out there with his wife?" She sighed. "Party kissing. That's how she was kissing Gorham. That's how George was going to kiss me—"

"Silly," Russ said. He tucked her hand in his arm. "Let's go home. I'm dog tired. By the way, I got you a present. Some perfume. Remembered just in the nick of time this was your birthday." He paused. "I'm not very good about dates," he said uneasily. "This is your birthday, isn't it?"

Widge hugged his arm. She smiled at him.

"Yes," she said. "Yes—I think it's the first real birthday I've had."



**It's sweeter!**

IF YOU like syrup you will like *Lyle's Golden Syrup*. It's a pure sugar syrup . . . golden in colour . . . sweeter than ordinary syrups and highly refined. Perfectly wholesome and good for children—and they LOVE it!

Get some at your grocer's today and try it with pancakes . . . rice pudding . . . suet pudding . . . johnny cake. Or with plain bread and butter it makes a wholesome, appetizing, invigorating meal. Try it.



1 lb., 2 lb.,  
4 lb. and  
14 lb. tins

**Lyle's  
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Packed by Tate & Lyle, Limited  
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**SO  
QUICK**  
*to make*

Time is important when hungry people are waiting. Give them Bird's Custard hot or cold. It's easy to make — rich, creamy . . .

**and SO  
DELICIOUS**



Get a carton or tin from your grocer today and always keep some in the home.

**BIRD'S  
CUSTARD**

day to follow that line of entertaining. Play any gay, light-hearted games, dance to a merry tune, improvise a choir of male voices and let them give you the "Volga Boat Song," with all the verve of the Don Cossacks. And here's an old custom you really must follow: Just before midnight, give each guest a glass of punch, candle, pencil and a small strip of tissue paper—equal sizes. Then on the first stroke of the clock, everyone writes a wish, burns the paper, drops the ashes in his punch and swallows it—all before the clock has finished striking. Comes true, too; the nice Canadian wife of a nice Russian tells me she got her husband that way! All through the evening pass sunflower seeds, with nuts or candies for those who haven't the knack of dealing with the seeds.

Supper is served with a brilliant background, many reds, deep blues and shining brass. A cross-stitched cloth is the very thing, the more stitches the better. And if you can find a samovar, beg, borrow or steal it. Start off with a huge platter of hors d'oeuvres of infinite kind and quantity. Then follow along with these gorgeously flavorful dishes. Tea in the Russian manner, with jam, fruit or spices.

Zakouska  
(large tray of assorted hors d'oeuvres)  
Omelets Smetanoi  
(with black, brown, bran or rye bread)  
or  
Blinni (Russian pancakes,  
with sour cream and smoked fish)  
Russian Salad  
Smettanick  
Russian Tea  
(with jam, fruit or spices)

With a Chinese Flavor

It isn't the formality of this celestial land that suggests a Chinese party to you; it's the food. Maybe it's the chance to wear your lovely long-sleeved, dragon-decorated kimono, or to give your husband an excuse to appear as Chu Chin Chow or Fu Manchu.

You can play your own version of Fanta through the evening or have half a dozen competitive games going at the same time. Clear a table and have a cricket fight or races, if you can find mechanical insects to wind up and set going helter-skelter across the board. Lay your moneys on your own favorite and pay your debts in rice kernels.

Just for the novelty and the fun of it, serve supper after the Oriental fashion—everyone seated on the floor and minus a table. Begin with tea and end up with it. To serve it in the proper style, serve the clear brew in little bowls with removable covers. They're inexpensive and you can use them afterward as ash trays—shades of somebody's ancestors! Chop suey or chow mein—same thing except that the first is accompanied by rice and the other noodles.

And afterward, instead of following the Chinese custom of departing immediately, your guests will linger on for cigarettes and more good talk in the way of Canadians.

Tea  
Chicken Chow Mein  
or  
Eggs Foo Yung  
Preserved Kumquats Candied Ginger  
Chinese Tea Cakes  
Tea

Tea served before and after the meal without cream or sugar in little bowls or cups without saucers.

A Southern Party

The thing to do at a Southern party is not to do much of anything. Be gloriously languid part of the time anyway; sit before the fire and sing the songs of the old South, to the strumming of guitars or ukuleles. Play marbles or shoot crap, have a spelling bee or charades. Dance the minuet or Virginia reel. Or take your cue from New Orleans at her gayest and stage a veritable Mardi Gras. [Continued on page 45]



**"There is no passion in human nature as the passion for gravy"**

"Martin Chuzzlewit"  
CHAS DICKENS

Good gravy and lots of it can be made in a moment with Bisto. Just mix a good teaspoonful of Bisto with half a pint of warm water and pour it into the roasting tin after the joint has been removed. Stir well and bring to the boil to thicken.

**BISTO**  
MAKES  
DELICIOUS GRAVY



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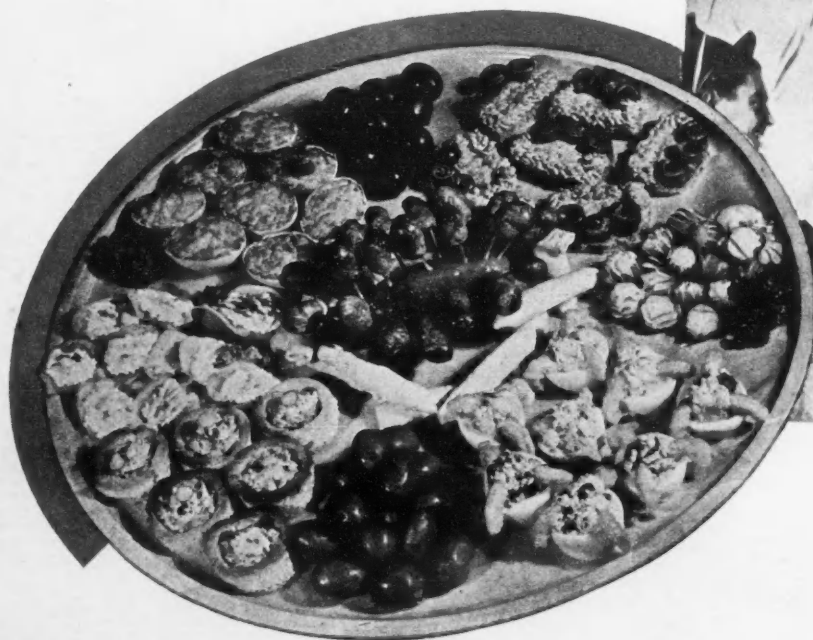
Ask for Them by Number — See Page 46

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

Parties on the foreign theme are sure to be fun.

## THE PARTY LINE

by Helen G. Campbell



Take your pick! Hors d'oeuvre in variety on a smart, large tray.  
Wooden Tray—Courtesy The T. Eaton Co. Ltd.  
Costumes from Vancouver Festival—Courtesy C. P. R.

### With International connections for the Canadian hostess

**S**PLENDID ISOLATION either of countries or of families just isn't possible these days. Anyway, who wants to keep themselves to themselves, even if they could?

Every woman with a spark of hospitality—and who hasn't?—wants her home to be the popular rendezvous of her own crowd, and the centre of jollity among the younger fry. So she develops a good line in her entertaining—something new, different and interesting—and there's not a bored moment under her roof.

If you're looking for ideas, here's one suggestion: Give your next party a foreign flavor—in the setting, the things you do and the food you serve. Go to Mexico or the Old South for your inspiration. Or skip across to Europe or the Orient. Then make merry after the manner of other folks and other customs. There are international connections for you with no fear of international complications. About the only crisis likely to come up is that somebody will have trouble with a chopstick or run when the Limburger is passed.

Ask your friends to come in costume if you want to do the thing up brown. Or if that's too much fuss, let them wear their best, even their second best clothes, just so long as they leave staid formality at home and enter wholeheartedly into the fun. Have your party anywhere in the house or all over it, though nowadays they'll probably all end up in the kitchen, no matter where they begin. Anyway, what concerns you most is to have your plans settled and your preparations made. Build up an atmosphere appropriate to the land of your temporary adoption and your gay crowd will catch the spirit and the swing of it.

Let's listen in to the party lines of successful Canadian hostesses:

#### A Mexican Supper Party

If you "go Mexicana" the setting is brilliantly colorful and the tempo lively. Make it a fiesta of fun with a *pinata* to provide some of the gaiety. The real thing is a great earthenware jar filled with sweetmeats and covered with

gaily colored papers, bunched and twisted to represent a bird, beast or some other figure. But you can make your own adaptation by using a tough paper bag or cardboard container for the nuts, caramels or fruit, and dressing it up with Cellophane or crepe paper frills. Hang it from the centre of the ceiling, blindfold the guests in turn and give each a pointed stick and so many tries to walk across the room and pierce the *pinata*. The lucky "buster" isn't any luckier than the others after all, for everyone scrambles to catch the scattered contents. A lot more fun than pinning the tail on the donkey!

Or have a special version of the National Sweepstake by selling for so many frijoles—beans, to you!—tickets on the chosen participants in potato or peanut races. The winner, or rather the ticket holder, gets the prize—an ornamental tile, some carved and painted fruit, quaint little figure, or all the beans to take home and make soup.

If the party is in the cellar where they can't do much damage and you have a few brave men in the crowd, stage a bullfight—with reservations, of course.

The color scheme for your table is red, white and green—good, vivid shades. Use a cactus or a row of them for your centre and surround with brilliant fruits or vegetables. Rough pottery and colorful glass are better than fine china for this occasion.

Here's a menu for you:

Chili con Carne  
(not a real Mexican dish, but it has the same nice peppery flavor. And everybody likes it.)  
or Barelax Eggs  
Tortillas  
(a much-Canadianized version, but a lot easier than the real thing. And good.)  
Strawberry or Pear Preserves  
Pineapple Fingers  
Coffee with hot milk or cream  
or Hot Mexican Chocolate  
Mexican Pecan Candy

#### A German Party

When you take your cue from across the Rhine, your recreation room in the basement is the ideal setting. But you really don't need to go below stairs, so if you haven't got one, don't let that stop you. Stage Olympic Games with contests going on in all corners or in different rooms, anything from ping-pong to tightrope walking—on the floor. Guessing games or pencil and paper ones are in order. And all kinds of stunts for the young and limber. Give each contestant the name of a country and send him along to do credit to it while someone keeps the score. But don't, above all things, let anyone squabble with the umpire.

For supper, turn your cellar or dining room into a German coffee house—tables spread with red and white checked cloths and laden with robust labor. Knuckle down to pig's knuckles and sauerkraut or serve this equally Germanic menu of highly seasoned cold cuts, two salads, if you please, and great mounds of rye bread to go with it. Use your judgment about the Limburger.

If you can collect enough steins, serve your cold drinks or hot coffee in them, but failing that, stout glasses or sturdy, generous cups. It's a rollicking party and your guests will toast der Tag you thought of it.

Platter of Assorted Cold Cuts  
(liverwurst, summer sausage, ham, salami and so on)  
German Potato Salad      Sauerkraut Salad  
Dill Pickles      Rye Bread  
Limburger Cheese  
Apple Strudel  
or  
German Cheese Cake  
Ginger Ale or Cider or Coffee

#### In the Russian Manner

The Russians celebrate New Year's on the 13th of January, so there's a good [Continued on page 43]



## For that bedtime hunger

DELICIOUS FRY'S COCOA satisfies hunger and digests easily — brings refreshing sleep. FRY's contains that food value needed to build up brain and body. For tomorrow's energy drink FRY's COCOA tonight.

Use Fry's Unsweetened Chocolate in convenient separate 1 oz. squares for your baking. Send for recipe book.

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CHATELAINE INSTITUTE SEAL on a product is a real safeguard to the buyer. Chatelaine Institute Approved Products have passed thorough housekeeping tests. In addition, every approved food product has satisfied our chemists in regard to purity and quality. Similarly, every approved appliance has satisfied our engineers on the soundness of its construction.

## TOMATO JUICE is MOST



Delicious when you Add a few drops of

**Lea & Perrins SAUCE**  
THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH

## The Party Line

(Continued from page 43)

Anyway, before you know it, everyone has worked up an appetite for hot waffles, one of the famous hotbreads from below the Mason and Dixon line. Bring your waffle iron to the table and keep it going, then from a big bowl ladle out hot, creamy chicken or let the guests help themselves. There's a Georgia cake to top off with and piping, fragrant coffee to wash it all down.

Hot Waffles  
with savory creamed chicken  
Fried Pineapple Garnish  
Georgia Pecan Cake  
with Whipped Cream  
Molasses Pralines  
Coffee

Chicken Chow Mein  
1 Cupful of celery, cut fine  
1 Cupful of mushrooms, diced  
½ Cupful of bamboo shoots,  
cut in thin strips  
2 Cupfuls of chicken stock  
½ Cupful of diced cooked chicken  
¾ Cupful of water chestnuts,  
peeled and sliced very thin  
1 Tablespoonful of cornstarch  
1 Teaspoonful of salt  
½ Cupful of blanched almonds  
Fried Noodles

Place the celery, mushrooms and bamboo shoots in a large pan with one cupful of the stock. Cook for 10 minutes. Add the chicken, the water chestnuts and the remaining cupful of stock which has been mixed with the cornstarch and salt. Cook for 5 minutes longer, adding seasonings to taste. Just before serving, stir in the almonds which have been cut in strips and turn the hot mixture into a deep, covered serving dish in which the fried noodles have been placed. Serve very hot. Chinese foods, such as bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, etc., may be purchased in cans.

### Eggs Foo Yung

10 Eggs  
2 Cupfuls of bean sprouts  
1 Cupful of cooked meat or chicken, diced or shredded crab or lobster  
1 Cupful of finely chopped onion

Drain the bean sprouts thoroughly and mix well with the meat or fish and the chopped onion. Beat the eggs slightly and add to the mixture. Pour into a frying pan containing hot fat, making individual servings about the size of a pancake. When browned on one side, turn and brown on the other. Continue until the mixture is all cooked and serve hot with a sauce made by thickening good soup stock, adding soy sauce and salt and pepper to taste.

### Chinese Tea Cakes

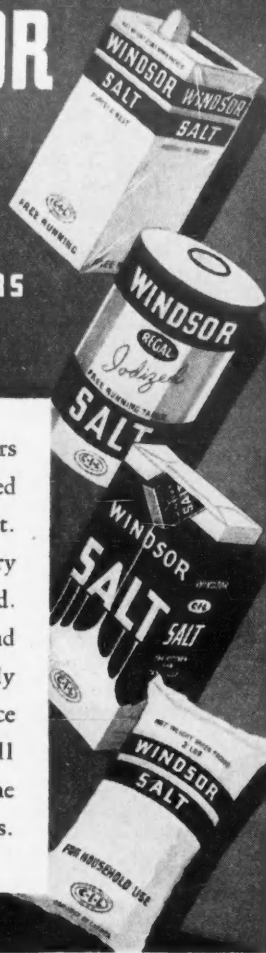
2 Cupfuls of rice flour  
1½ Cupfuls of powdered sugar  
½ Cupful of very finely chopped almonds  
¾ Cupful of vegetable oil  
2 Eggs, slightly beaten  
Whole blanched almonds

Sift together the rice flour and the powdered sugar and mix with the chopped almonds. Work in the vegetable oil and the slightly beaten eggs and roll the mixture to less than one-half inch thickness. Cut into one and one-half inch rounds, put a whole or half blanched

(Continued on page 48)

## Look for THE SMART NEW WINDSOR SALT Packages AT YOUR GROCERS

For twenty-five years "Windsor" has been recognized as the leading Canadian salt. Made under strict laboratory control—pure and full-flavoured. Now for your guidance and protection, a uniform, easily recognized family resemblance has been adopted for all "Windsor" Salt. Look for the red, white and blue packages.



1. The finest quality, free-running salt in the new, square moisture-proof package—wrapped in "Cellophane" with pouring spout. Plain or iodized.

2. "Windsor-REGAL" Table Salt, a popular family line in familiar round package. Free-running, with pouring spout. Plain or iodized.

3. "Windsor" Salt rectangular package. An economical package of quality salt.

4. The "Windsor" Packet. A good, all-purpose salt in cotton. A little coarser grain but "Windsor" quality.



## PREPARE NOW FOR NEXT SUMMER



Now's the time to earn the extra cash that makes pleasant holiday trips a practical possibility. Our plan for spare-time earnings offers a real opportunity for alert Canadians. Hundreds are succeeding in every part of the Dominion without previous experience.

You will be under no obligation if you will write and let us explain our money-making plan.

Local Representatives' Dept.  
**FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY OF CANADA**

210 Dundas St. W., Toronto 2

## Plenty of Gravy

Made in a moment

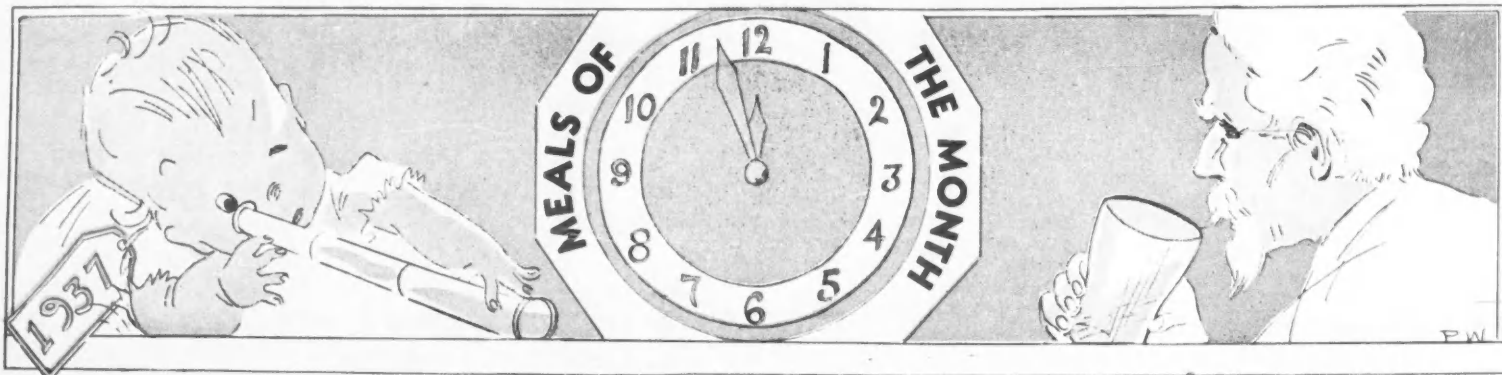
It's simple always to have enough gravy if you use Symington's Granulated Gravy. Just mix the granules with boiling water—and there you are. Rich, brown gravy. Serve it with every meal. Add Symington's to the meat's own gravy—it enriches every dish with its savoury flavour.



# SYMINGTON'S Granulated GRAVY

Distributors:  
**W. G. PATRICK & CO., LTD.**,  
51/53, Wellington Street, W. Toronto.  
Also at Winnipeg and Vancouver.

**W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD.**,  
Market Harborough, England.

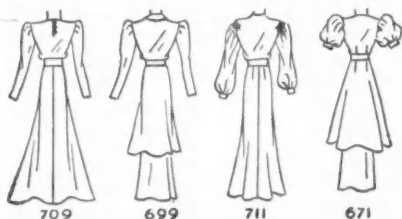
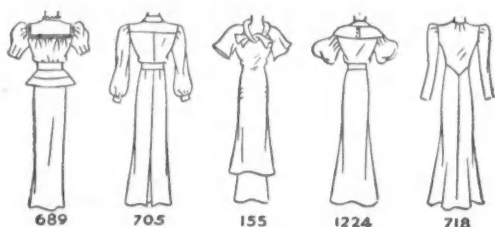


BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER		BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
1	(New Year's Day) Chilled Tomato Juice Bacon Omelet Toast Coffee Jelly Tea					17	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea				
2	Orange Halves Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Honey Tea					18	Oranges Bread and Milk Bran Gems Coffee Jelly Tea				
3	(Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Cereal Broiled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Jam Tea					19	Cereal with Raisins Scones Coffee Jam Tea				
4	Cereal with Raisins Bran Muffins Conserve Coffee Tea					20	Lemon Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea				
5	Apple Sauce Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea					21	Baked Apples Scrambled Eggs with Tomato Toast Coffee Tea				
6	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Honey Tea					22	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea				
7	Prunes with Lemon Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea					23	Orange Sections Cereal Graham Muffins Apple Butter Coffee Tea				
8	Orange Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Coffee Jam Tea					24	(Sunday) Cranberry Juice Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Tea				
9	Cereal with Chopped Figs Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea					25	Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea				
10	(Sunday) Pineapple Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Conserve Tea					26	Grapefruit Grilled Small Sausages Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea				
11	Grapefruit Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea					27	Apple Sauce Cereal Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea				
12	Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea					28	Stewed Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea				
13	Tomato Juice Codfish Cakes Toast Coffee Tea					29	Orange Juice Grilled Smoked Herring Toast Coffee Tea				
14	Sliced Oranges Cereal Muffins Coffee Honey Tea					30	Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea				
15	Stewed Prunes French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea					31	(Sunday) Tomato Juice Grilled Ham Toast and Crabapple Jelly Coffee Tea				
16	Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea										

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances  
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

## DESCRIPTIONS OF CHATELAINE PATTERNS

ALL ONE PRICE—15 CENTS



**No. 709.** Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $26\frac{3}{4}$  yards of braid for the long-sleeved version.

**No. 699.** Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 34 requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch contrasting material for vestee and plaiting.

**No. 711.** Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

**No. 671.** Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved tunic and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35- or 39-inch material for skirt.

**No. 689.** Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting for belt and

one yard of braid, for long-sleeved version.

**No. 705.** Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting for vestee and collar.

**No. 155.** Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting for collar and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch lining for long-sleeved version.

**No. 1224.** Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, for long-sleeved version.

**No. 718.** Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 18-inch or wider contrasting for waist front.

## Stay Home if you want to be a Star

(Continued from page 12)

Remember that the movies want the well-educated, refined, all-round girl today. The girl who has a sane, wholesome outlook. Audiences want to see the sort of girl they'd like to ask into their own homes . . . they're pretty tired of the light, airy, artificial sort of female. Naturalness is taking the place of platinum in the feminine movie world. The Dumb Dora is definitely out. The shop girl is on the wane.

Norma Shearer is good box office. Why? Because she represents a charming girl—a gracious wife—a lovely mother. She's a good example . . . but not a pattern, remember. No copies!

And another important thing . . . any Canadian girl who is thinking about becoming a movie star should make a note of this fact, put it in a prominent place and refer to it frequently. The "public life" of the average star is five years. That's all she should expect. It's a pretty small period in a lifetime to count on for your profession. But it's better to realize it at the start than to go downhill gradually and hang around on the fringe of things for years after. Make the best of your five years—then get out, is Miss Ryman's advice.

And don't take your publicity seriously, either while you're being "made" or afterward. Many a good star goes under from believing the things press agents write about her.

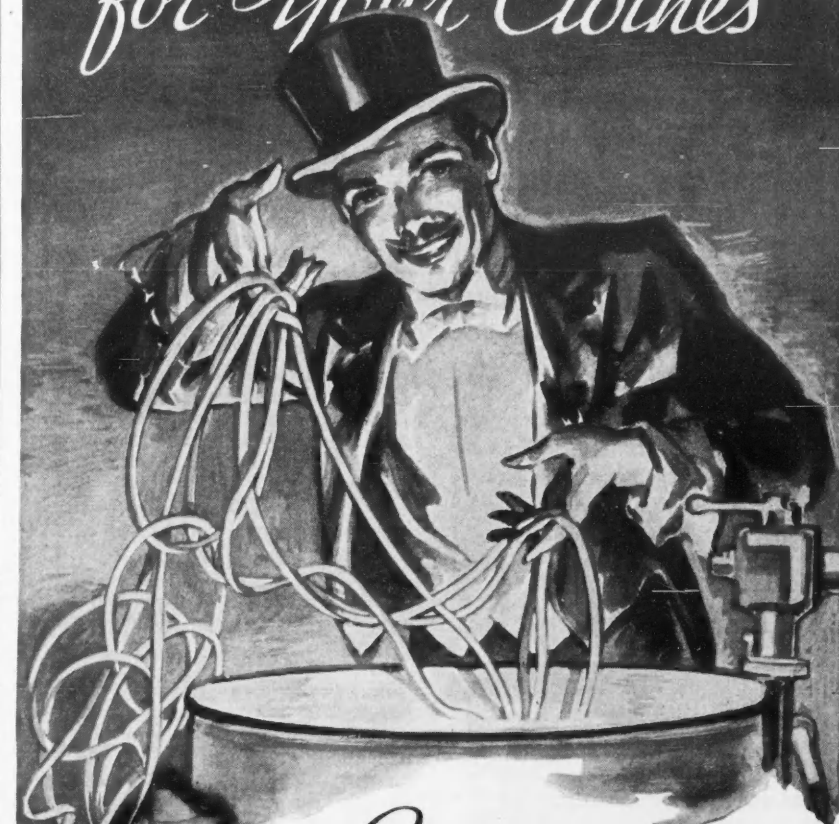
Miss Ryman isn't interested in children. There are too many complications in signing them up, and Hollywood is overrun with them now. And she doesn't want character players from Canada. Broken-down actors and actresses crowd the casting offices in search of special parts. But she does want youth—strength—beauty—charm—from Canada. And she believes she can find it here . . . even although there are more people with less talent who think they have it than she would have believed possible!

And she thinks Canadian women are less smartly dressed, but Canadian men more so (because of the English tailoring influence) than citizens of the United States.

Do Canadians get an equal chance with natives of the land of motion pictures? She believes they do. The chief trouble is that Canada lacks a training school for young players. A central dramatic clearing house. Perhaps because Canadians spend so much of their time at outdoor sports, in the winter months, the theatre doesn't flourish as it might. She believes there should be a professional dramatic centre, in some such place as Toronto or Montreal, to which the movies could come for their talent. Hearing for the first time of the National Dramatic Festival each year in Ottawa, she made plans to attend next February.

And who knows what great star may yet come out of Canada?

Here's Magic that  
spells **LONGER LIFE**  
for Your Clothes



## Cushioned Action MAKES IT POSSIBLE

IN THE Westinghouse experimental laundry, 30 pieces of ribbon, each 40 inches long—a total of 33 yards were put into a Cushioned Action washer—washed thoroughly for twelve minutes . . . then pulled out again without a knot or tangle. This wasn't done to astonish the onlookers! No! It was to prove that Westinghouse actually does "cushion" the clothes against the tangling, wearing action of ordinary washers.

Westinghouse "Cushioned Action" washing does more than protect your clothes. It saves your time by washing quicker. It makes you proud of your wash by washing cleaner. Westinghouse Engineering and Precision Construction provide extra years of service.

Six models to choose from. Lovell Wringer with adjustable pressure, no oiling anywhere, porcelain enamel tub, Dulux finish frame. Power pump optional. Sentinel Safety Switch.

Models priced as low as \$74.50 (slightly higher in West and Maritimes). See your Westinghouse dealer for demonstration.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO., LIMITED  
HAMILTON, ONT. BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA



**Westinghouse**  
*Cushioned Action* **WASHER**

# Bring a New Excitement To Your Cooking

With these culinary secrets from the Chatelaine Institute  
**FIVE NEW SERVICE BULLETINS**



## MAN-MADE MEALS

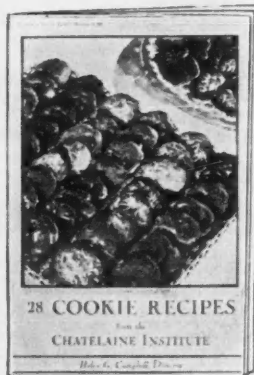
Price 5 Cents—No. 2,204

When planning a holiday that will leave your man at home alone, get this Institute bulletin to give him simple menu ideas—grocery orders—easy, man-made recipes, and suggestions for successful stag parties.

## FAVORITE DESSERTS OF THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Price 15 Cents—No. 2,201

Over sixty delicious new desserts—each one flavorsome, economical, and carefully tested and approved. Cold—hot—jellied—frozen—fruit—and pastry desserts—a rare collection of recipes for your enjoyment.



## 28 COOKIE RECIPES

Price 10 Cents—No. 2,200

They make your mouth water just to read their names—Filbert macaroons—Butter-scotch fingers—Orange circles—Corn-flake date cookies—and many others. Each one selected by the Institute as something very special—a pleasure to make, and a joy to eat!

## SWEET AND SAVORY SAUCES

Price 5 Cents—No. 2,203

In response to hundreds of requests the Institute presents this survey of sauces that will bring a new piquancy to your meals. A valuable group of sauce suggestions that every housekeeper should have.



## WEDDING ETIQUETTE

Price 5 Cents—No. 400

How do you make the announcements? What is the correct procedure for dress and ceremony? Who pays for what? All the thousand and one minor details of wedding etiquette are answered for you in this Institute bulletin.

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS,  
481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos. ....  
for which I enclose \$.....

Name and Address .....

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)

## Family Affair

(Continued from page 31)

you seen Daisy?" she asked. She hadn't seen her since lunch, Kit said uneasily.

"Oh, Kit, what do you want to put that nasty stuff on your lips for?" Callie said. "Well, I'll go on down and get your tea."

Kit finished her packing and started downstairs with her suitcases. She was halfway down when the door opened and Daisy came in. Daisy and Oliver. As the door closed he turned and put his hands on Daisy's shoulders. Then Daisy caught sight of Kit. "Aunt Kit!" she called softly. Kit came downstairs and set her suitcase soundlessly on the floor.

"I was afraid you'd be gone," Daisy said. "I was afraid we'd be too late." She was wearing the cotton house-dress she had had on at noon and a wide childish hat. Her eyes were bright and frightened and triumphant.

Kit stared at her without a word. From the back of the house she could hear the faint clatter of cups on saucers and Callie's brisk distant tread; and was suddenly aware of Callie as though she had been a bomb clicking quietly toward concussion.

"We're—we got married," Daisy said.

"I don't believe it!" Callie said. She stood holding sideways a plate of tea biscuits and she paid no attention when Kit rescued them and put them on the table. The next moment she rushed into the hall.

"Gil, come down here!" she cried; and then with furious impatience, "Will you come down here this instant!"

He came at last, pulling as always against the tug of her angry will. "They say they've got married," Callie wailed.

"Daisy married!" If she had undergone some monstrous change before his eyes he could scarcely have stood more transfixed.

"But they've never—" Callie began. And then at the sight of Gil's face, "Oh, Gil, what will we do if they have?" she said. He didn't answer, he still stood, his eyes centred on Daisy. "But if they've only just got married it isn't too late," Callie said, "It can be stopped—"

Gil swung round on her. Daisy had deceived him, but Callie remained, his familiar, faithful irritant. "Oh, stop making a fool of yourself," he cried.

And Callie raged instantly. "But it's your fault! If you weren't so selfish, never paying any attention to anyone but yourself. . . ."

Kit stole a glance at the other two. Daisy was flushed and withdrawn, Oliver stared now at the floor, now out of the window. They were nervously oblivious, like two polite adults confronted by child-

CHATELAINE, JANUARY, 1937

ish misbehavior they could neither ignore nor control. Callie turned to them suddenly. "If you think for one minute you're coming to live here you're mistaken."

"Oh, Callie, don't!" Kit cried. "Don't say things like that. Everything that happens today they'll remember the rest of their lives."

Callie turned on her swiftly. "You will just keep out of this, please, it has nothing to do with you." Very gently and melodiously, like a voice from another world, the clock in the hall announced the half-hour. And for the first time Kit remembered her train. But she had scarcely reached the door before Callie was beside her. "You had something to do with this! You've always worked against me ever since we were children."

Oliver said quietly, "I have a car here. We'll drive you down." There was a quick silence. Then Callie said with terrific calm, "Daisy, I forbid you to leave this house." Oliver picked up the suitcases. "Gil, stop them!" Callie cried despairingly. She had sunk down on the hall-seat and as the door opened, "Daisy!" she cried in the voice of desolation itself.

Daisy turned back. She kissed her father, but she put her arms round her mother, tightly and cherishingly as though she were the mother and Callie the child, wilful, violent and forlorn. Then she followed the others and they got in the car and drove away.

"They'll get over it," Kit said. "You'll see. By tomorrow your mother will be downtown buying sheets by the dozen and tablecloths in twenty sizes." She could feel the faint quiver of Daisy's arm beside her.

"But she isn't—but nobody likes her," Daisy said forlornly.

"I like her," Kit said. But she only said it to comfort Daisy. At the moment she thought Callie detestable. Only when she thought of her, left alone in the dark hall, desolate, deserted even of her anger, she could have wept with Daisy. The strange power of one's own people to estrange the spirit and take hold of the heart.

THEY KISSED her good-by confusedly and tenderly in the aisle of the train and then scrambled off just as it began to move. Kit leaned from the window for a last glimpse of them and they were smiling at her, standing close together, their happiness irradiating them, a visible solemnity, like a shaft of light let down from the high dark roof. Then the train drew away and she thought, "I'll never see them again."

When she returned they would be strangers, preoccupied and remote, their eagerness steadied, their brightness quenched. They were beginning to recede from her already. She leaned back with tears on her cheeks, her eyes tightly shut, trying to hold as long as she could this strange sense of warmth and closeness and shared delight.

## IN THE FEBRUARY CHATELAINE

Margaret Lee Runbeck has written one of the most searchingly beautiful stories of her brilliant career in

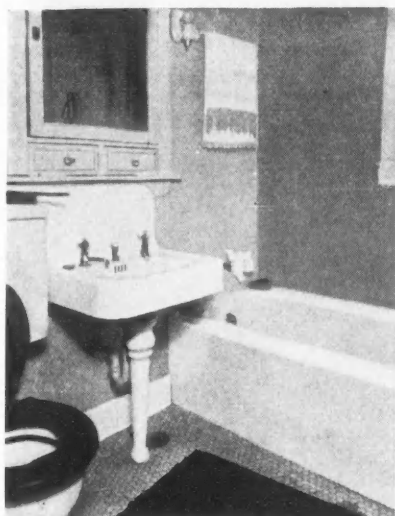
### ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE

The strange tale of a love that takes root and comes to blossom in the inner depths of a man's subconscious mind.

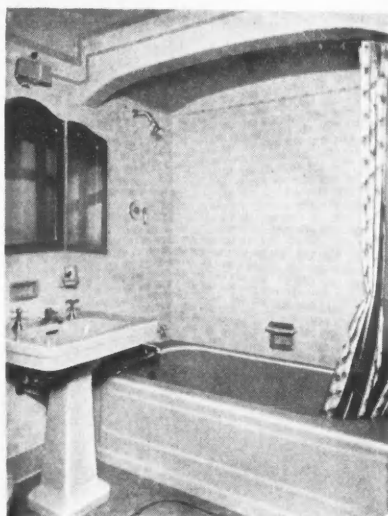
and

### A TWO-LETTER WORD MEANING "NO"

In which you romp through the merry exploits of a devil-may-care young reporter who holds his girl's happiness in the cup of his careless hand—until she learns the magic formula.



A bathroom that lent itself to renovation.



Attractive with fresh background and modern fittings.

Photographs courtesy of Sanitary Engineer.

## Home Improvement Year

(Continued from page 41)

the up-to-date conveniences and facilities in line with modern thought. Here's what one housekeeper has written us along this very line and many other entries have the same happy theme: "I have just completed the new kitchen I have always dreamed about. Every winter when the pipes would be frozen or my feet would be numb with cold, I would say, 'This will be the last winter; I will have things different another year.' And this year would have been like all the others only for your Kitchen Idea Contest.

"I began looking at equipment, asking prices, having contractors give prices for the changes and now I have the nicest, most modern and handy kitchen in town for only \$500. I wouldn't have thought it could have been done for \$1,000 if it hadn't been done."

The kitchen, by the way, is a good place for a little face-lifting with which opinion thousands of housekeepers will agree. Modernization here pays big dividends in comfortable living and in market value, as it makes the property more easily and more profitably saleable if you'd care to dispose of it. Nowhere else does the prospective buyer cast a more appraising and critical eye.

The Government Loan Plan does not include the purchase of movable equipment and appliances, which, of course, can be bought for cash or credit under existing deferred payment arrangements. But there are many desirable changes and alterations of a permanent nature which may be made to bring your kitchen to the 1937 standard of efficiency and style. What to do with it depends on what it is like to start with and what you want it to be. The ideal to strive for is a well-lighted, well-ventilated room of good size and shape with labor-saving equipment in logical step-saving arrangement, ample storage space to accommodate supplies and appliances, adequate and appropriate working surfaces of the proper height and a decorative scheme that's a joy. No hard-to-clean corners, no waste spaces, no drab, uninteresting interiors.

SO PERHAPS you'll use your loan to take down or put up a partition as seems to fit the case, cut in another window to shed light in dark places, close up a superfluous door if you need more wall space or add an extra one to change and shorten the traffic

route from room to room. The detours some women have to put up with! Or you may get a carpenter to build in cupboards and cabinets as these are considered permanent improvement features. Or have a plumber install a new sink at the right height for you. Or call on an electrician to wire the house for an electric range. If you need new floors or spick and span linoleum to cement on the old one now's the time and here's the money to have them. And while you're about it, wouldn't you like a fresh coat of paint and a new color scheme?

Many bathrooms need a more or less thorough overhauling to bring them into step, while others will be satisfactorily modernized with a few minor changes and new plumbing. You might, for instance, want to tile or resurface the walls or re-finish your present background in some other suitable way. Most likely you have longed to replace your old bathroom fittings with those of modern design, so that's another good investment for your loan.

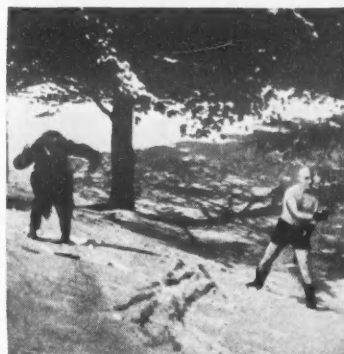
It may be that your laundry needs attention in the matter of a change of location from the cellar to the first floor, where it is more convenient. Or it may need new fixtures or some other improvement.

Small repairs and replacements such as new steps, new screens, weather-stripping and up-to-date hardware for doors and windows are in order for any or everywhere in the house. You can go in for new flooring, painting, papering, panelling or other features which rejuvenate the home and create an attractive setting. You can reclaim a room or two or add another if you need more space to accommodate a growing family. Many unsightly cellars have the possibilities of a charming recreation room and often with very little expense can be completely transformed. And the attic can be turned into a pleasant bedroom, den or study, as required. It may be necessary to improve the approach to it, cut in or enlarge a window, surface the walls or insulate the room. But even so, the cost compared with the result is very low.

Speaking of insulation suggests the desirability of treating the whole house to an "inner lining" thus cutting coal bills and saving money for you. Which reminds me in turn that the heating plants in many homes are out of date and fast on the way to becoming antiquated. There's a thought for your permanent improvement program.

New knowledge and new developments in lighting have made our old-fashioned fixtures obsolete. What most homes need are more lights, better placed and properly adjusted. And more outlets for attachments—lamps, radio, vacuum cleaner and the many electrical appliances which make living comfortable. Small changes at small cost, but they go over big.

## CAMERA! ACTION!



Cold has no terrors for the healthy.

SOME think me vain, "a show-off" concerning my athletic development. But I am only justly proud of my physical perfection. "Authorities" claim we degenerate from 45 onwards, in spite of our efforts, yet I started to regenerate from "scratch" at 50 and am still improving at almost 79.

Proud? Certainly! Yet I display my figure only to prove that all humans may be as symmetrical, elastic, flexible, supple and beautiful of body at 80 as at 20, through obedience to Nature's health laws. My physical perfection that enables me to do stunts on lecture platforms and in the "talkie" "One Young Man," at which people marvel, has resulted solely from following the teaching in my books "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL," "MAKE YOUR MIND BUILD HEALTH" and "MASTER GUIDE TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION," from which anyone can obtain equal results. "HOW TO BE

ALWAYS WELL" is great enough that certain "interests" in the States are trying to prevent its sale, a certain sign of its importance; and Ellis Barker, of England, Editor of "Heal Thyself," the oldest health magazine published, says of it: "This is a wonderful, an amazing book, a book unique in all literature"; "His book is perhaps the most extraordinary health book ever written"; "And his book will remain a classic for ages." Its teaching is based upon the fact that our bodies can be only as perfect as the foods that build them.

There probably is no more perfect body than mine, although approaching 80, built from a wreck at 50 from Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and the alkali-forming beverage Kofy-Sub, milk, fruits, vegetables and nuts. Choose at least 75% of your foods from these, take reasonable systematic exercise, and you will soon agree they are the best body-building foods in the world today. And is that not probable because these foods are made by a physician

who has written such a book and done so much for himself and others? Write for free literature upon perfect body building to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.



Robt. G. Jackson M.D.

The photograph in this advertisement is taken from the Talking Picture "One Young Man," featuring a day in the life of Dr. Jackson.

### THINK OF IT!

#### A GENUINE

## SHIRLEY TEMPLE DOLL

### For Your Very Own!

You'll love this adorable doll — the very image of her famous namesake. Soft, golden curls — pretty hazel eyes that will close — and the cutest frock, exactly like one of Shirley's own.



Made in Canada by Canadian workmen

This Shirley Temple Doll is 13 inches long. It will come to you with a Shirley Temple Button and a naturally tinted 8" x 10" portrait of Shirley with signature, confirming that this is the one and only Shirley Temple Doll, approved by Shirley and her mother.

Best of all, you can have this lovely doll **WITHOUT COST**. From your friends and neighbors you can easily secure new subscriptions to Chatelaine, to make a total of \$4.00. You can get four One-year subscriptions, at \$1.00 each; or two Two-year subscriptions at \$1.50 each, and one One-year subscription at \$1.00; or two Three-year subscriptions, at \$2.00 each—or any combination of these that will make a total of \$4.00. But please remember, these must not include a subscription from your own home, and they must not be paid for by the person who sends for the doll. They must be from other people, and this lovely doll is your reward for securing them from us. Write the names and addresses of the subscribers plainly and your name and address, and attach a clipping of this announcement. Forward with the \$4.00, and we will send you the Doll at once.

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO



## Relief from INDIGESTION

Bicarbonate of Soda is prescribed by physicians for relieving indigestion, heartburn and stomach acidity—half a teaspoonful in half a glass of cool water. This may be repeated in half an hour, if necessary. When you need Bicarbonate of Soda for medicinal purposes you can use Cow Brand Soda with absolute confidence. It is pure Bicarbonate of Soda. In original sealed packages—for a few cents—at your grocer's.

**Crisp,  
Light,  
Golden  
Brown**



## SOUR MILK GRIDDLE CAKES

2 cups sifted flour 2½ cups sour milk,  
1 teaspoon or buttermilk  
Cow Brand 1 egg, well beaten  
Baking Soda 1 tablespoon of  
1 teaspoon salt melted short-  
1 tablespoon sugar ening

Sift flour once, measure, add baking soda, salt and sugar; sift again. Combine milk, egg and shortening. Add to flour mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on hot, greased griddle. Makes 2 dozen cakes.

Sweet milk may be substituted by adding to each scant cupful of milk 1½ tablespoons lemon juice (or 1½ tablespoons vinegar).



Mail this Coupon

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2715 Reading Street, Montreal, Que.

Please send me free booklets on the medicinal and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

COW BRAND BAKING SODA IS  
PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

## The Party Line

(Continued from page 45)

almond on the top of each and bake in a moderately hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—for about 20 minutes.

### Omelets Smetanoi

Make two plain, 4-egg omelets, seasoning them with salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Do not fold them, but, when cooked, place one on top of the other on a hot serving dish. Pour over them the following sauce:

1 Tablespoonful of butter  
1 Tablespoonful of flour  
½ Cupful of hot milk  
1 Cupful of sour cream  
2 Egg yolks  
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter, blend in the flour and gradually add the hot milk. Cook and stir until the mixture is thick and smooth. Add the sour cream, the slightly beaten egg yolks and salt and pepper to taste. Cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens but is not boiling. Serve at once.

### Blinni

2½ Cupfuls of milk  
4 Cupfuls of flour  
½ Yeast cake  
2 Cupfuls of warm milk  
1 Tablespoonful of salt

Heat the 2½ cupfuls of milk to lukewarm, dissolve the yeast in it and mix with the flour. Set in a warm place to rise for 6 to 8 hours. Add the remaining two cupfuls of warm milk and the salt and allow to stand for another hour. Mix well and fry like pancakes on a hot greased griddle. Serve piping hot, buttered and spread with whipped sour cream. Serve smoked fish or caviar as an accompaniment.

### Russian Salad

Cut cooked meat or poultry in small dice and mix with diced cooked beets, potatoes, gherkins, cucumbers and hard-cooked eggs. Chopped olives, sauerkraut and cooked kidney beans are added to this and the whole is well mixed with a French dressing to which a little mustard is added.

### Smetanick

1½ Cupfuls of ground almonds  
Milk  
2 Tablespoonfuls of cherry jam  
2 Tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam  
1 Egg yolk  
3 Tablespoonfuls of sour cream  
1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon  
Puff pastry or very flaky plain pastry

Moisten the almonds with a little milk and mix with the jam. Add the slightly beaten egg yolk, the sour cream and the cinnamon. Line a pie plate with the pastry, fill with the first mixture and cover with rolled pastry. Bake in a moderately hot oven until nicely browned.

### German Potato Salad

4 Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes  
2 Cupfuls of diced celery  
1 Medium-sized onion, chopped  
1 Cupful of chopped parsley  
1 Tablespoonful of salt  
1 Teaspoonful of pepper  
½ Teaspoonful of paprika  
1 Cupful of bacon, cut in small squares  
1 Cupful of vinegar  
Salt herring or sliced cucumbers.

Cook the potatoes in their skins, cool, peel and cut in dice. Mix with the diced celery and the chopped onion. Add the parsley, the salt, pepper and paprika and mix well. Cook the bacon until crisp and while it is still hot, add to it the cupful of vinegar. Pour this mixture over the potatoes and serve in a large bowl garnished with salt herring or sliced cucumbers.

### Sauerkraut Salad

3 Cupfuls of sauerkraut  
9 or 10 Olives  
2 Hard-cooked eggs  
1 Pimiento  
¼ Cupful of salad oil or mayonnaise

Drain and chill the sauerkraut, cut the olives in small pieces, dice the eggs and cut the pimiento in very fine strips. Mix these ingredients lightly together and add the salad oil or mayonnaise. Serve in a salad bowl which has been lined with crisp lettuce.

### German Cheese Cake

1 Cupful of zweiback crumbs  
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter  
1 Tablespoonful of sugar  
—  
2 Egg yolks  
½ Cupful of table cream  
½ Pound of cottage or white cream cheese  
½ Cupful of sugar  
1 Tablespoonful of flour  
Pinch of salt  
½ Teaspoonful of vanilla  
2 Egg whites

Grind or roll the zweiback to fine crumbs, add the butter and sugar which have been creamed together and rub until the mixture is thoroughly blended. Press into a deep loose-bottomed cake tin or a spring form to make an even, thin layer covering the bottom of the pan. Beat the egg yolks, add the cream and the cheese and mix well. Add the sugar, flour, salt and vanilla and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into the pan over the crumb mixture and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. Fahr.) until firm and lightly browned (about 1¼ to 1½ hours). This may be served as a dessert hot or thoroughly chilled.

### Chili Con Carne

½ Pound of beef suet, chopped  
2 Pounds of round steak, cut in small dice  
½ Cupful of flour  
2 Cloves of garlic, finely minced  
Salt to taste  
2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of chili powder  
Water  
1 Cupful of red kidney beans

Render the suet over low heat. Dredge the chopped steak with the flour, add the finely chopped garlic, salt and one half of the chili powder. Add to the hot fat and cook until nicely browned. Cover with water and cook with the lid on until tender. In the meantime cook the kidney beans until tender, adding the remainder of the chili powder. Combine the two mixtures, allow to stand in a cool place until the next day, reheat and serve.

### Barelas Eggs

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter  
2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion  
1 Medium green pepper, finely chopped  
1 Tablespoonful of flour  
¼ Cupful of chopped celery  
2 Cupfuls of tomato purée  
½ Teaspoonful of salt  
2 Teaspoonfuls of chili powder  
Eggs

Melt the butter, add the chopped onion and green pepper and cook until the onion is tender and lightly browned. Stir in the

flour and add the celery, tomato purée, salt and chili powder. Simmer, stirring occasionally until the celery is tender, adding more water if necessary during the cooking.

Into a well greased, individual ramekin, break an egg, cover with two tablespoonfuls of the above sauce and bake in a moderate oven until the white of the egg is set. Serve at once.

### Tortillas

1 Cupful of cornmeal  
1 Cupful of boiling water  
1 Teaspoonful of salt

Pour the boiling water over the cornmeal and salt, stirring constantly and when the mixture is thick and cool enough to handle, pat it out into very thin cakes and brown on both sides on an ungreased griddle. Serve hot with butter.

### Mexican Hot Chocolate

3 Squares of unsweetened chocolate  
5½ Teaspoonfuls of sugar  
½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon  
5½ Cupfuls of milk

Melt the chocolate in the top part of a double boiler. Add the sugar, cinnamon and milk, heat almost to boiling and beat vigorously with an egg beater until frothy.

### Mexican Pecan Candy

3 Cupfuls of dark brown sugar  
¼ Cupful of cider vinegar  
½ Cupful of water  
1 Tablespoonful of butter  
1½ Cupfuls of pecan nut meats

Mix the sugar, vinegar and water, stir until the sugar is dissolved, then allow to cook without stirring until the mixture will spin a thread when a little is dropped from the edge of a spoon. Cool slightly, stir in the butter and the pecans which have been heated. When cool enough to hold its shape, drop in small cakes on a well-greased platter.

### Georgia Pecan Cake

6 Egg yolks  
1½ Cupfuls of fine granulated sugar  
3 Cupfuls of pecan nuts, chopped as finely as possible  
1 Tablespoonful of flour  
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder  
½ Teaspoonful of salt  
6 Egg whites  
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla  
Sweetened and flavored whipped cream

Beat the egg yolks until very light, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Mix the flour, baking powder and salt with the finely chopped nuts and add to the beaten yolk mixture. Beat well and stir in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the vanilla. Bake in two layer cake tins which have been lined with heavy waxed paper and bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. Fahr.) for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and put the layers together with sweetened and flavored whipped cream. Top with more of the cream and garnish, if desired, with a few chopped seedless raisins. A boiled icing may be used instead of the whipped cream.

### Molasses Pralines

1 Cupful of mild molasses  
1 Cupful of shelled peanuts, chopped

Bring the molasses to boiling point, add the chopped peanuts, bring again to the boil and stir continuously until the mixture can be drawn to a thread between finger and thumb. Remove from the heat and pour into little paper cases having the mixture ¼ to ½ inch thick. In the South, these cases are about 2 by 4 inches. When the pralines are thoroughly dry, they are ready to use.

# Beef Upside-Down Pie

will put your budget right side up -



## Magic's Surprise Recipe for January

No quick and thrifty dish was ever more delicious than this brand-new Beef Upside-Down Pie. Tasty seasonings give the crust a flavor that's new and different . . . richly completed by the mingled savor of beef, tomato and onion. And tell this to your budget: This satisfying dish needs only  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of meat! To go with it—how about creamed corn, and cole slaw salad?

### BEEF UPSIDE-DOWN PIE

- |                                     |                                      |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour          | 5 tablespoons shortening             |
| 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder     | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk, or half milk |
| 1 teaspoon salt                     | and half water                       |
| 1 teaspoon paprika                  | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced onion       |
| 1 teaspoon celery salt              | 1 can tomato soup                    |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper | $\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground raw beef  |

Sift together flour, baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, paprika, celery salt and pepper; add 3 tablespoons shortening and mix in thoroughly with fork. Add milk and stir until blended. Melt remaining two tablespoons shortening in 9" frying pan, and cook onions until soft. Add tomato soup, remaining  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and ground meat; bring to boil. Spread baking powder mixture on top of meat mixture, and bake in hot oven at 475° F. for about 20 minutes. Turn out upside down on large plate. Serves 8.

## If you want tender lightness and fluffy texture, be sure to use Magic Baking Powder

This clever Beef Upside-Down Pie gets itself made in a short kitchen session. And it never fails—so long as you make it with Magic. A doubtful baking powder won't do. The recipe was planned for Magic. This reliable baking powder will make your Upside-Down Pie so delicately light, it will just melt in your mouth.

Canada's leading cookery experts recommend Magic for finest baking results. Its full leavening power assures fine texture, delicious flavor, in everything you bake.

What's more—Magic is very inexpensive to use. Enough for an average baking costs less than 1¢!

So don't risk baking failures with inferior brands. Always use Magic—and be sure!

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any harmful ingredient.

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The supplies you need for Beef Upside-Down Pie are being featured at your grocer's.



# IT'S NEWS

by Lotta Dempsey

## CANADIAN CLUBWOMEN AND SHIRLEY TEMPLE



Child movie star Shirley Temple wrote to a Nova Scotia Woman's Institute recently. She liked the Evangeline doll they sent her for her collection of dolls of many nations, and in a quaint little-girl note told them so. Making Evangeline dolls has been an art developed by the Meteghan, County Clare, Woman's Institute. They've made 450 dolls in the last few months, selling them to tourists. In that old Acadian settlement they should be well equipped for this work; and they are. They pass along the story of the lovely Longfellow heroine to their customers — Shirley Temple knows about it, now. It seems like a good tip to women's clubs all over Canada . . . to develop something not only distinctive and typical, but lucrative as well. In Alberta and Saskatchewan Ukrainian women are being encouraged to carry on the beautiful rug making and weaving they did in Europe. But too often it takes enterprising Americans to come over and market their wares. Native talent can be developed, at a good profit, everywhere in Canada.

## RESOLUTIONS FOR ROMANCE

"Will you ask my girl to make one New Year's resolution?" he pleaded. "Tell her that when I arrange a party for a supper dance or something, I wish she wouldn't ask all her friends to join us without finding out whether or not I want them. And another thing — I wish she wouldn't come up when we boys are settling the bills, or when she sees the waiter waiting for his check, say 'Have you paid your share, Charlie?'" Well, maybe he's right and the modern female is too interfering about a man's affairs. But, funnily enough, his own girl had something to say about him. "Will you tell Charlie I wish he'd take a straight course when we go into a restaurant or down a theatre aisle, and decide whether he's going first or not? I hate this floundering around at the entrance; he never seems to make up his mind. And tell him a girl loves a

single rose or a bunch of violets now and then for just no reason at all . . . to show he isn't thinking of her only at such prescribed times as Christmas and her birthday." I pass along the ideas for what they're worth as New Year Romances get away to a good start.

## ONE WAY AND ANOTHER

One of the women looked almost slim, the other fat and pudgy. Yet I imagine they weighed the same. It was a question of dress. One had a loose-fitting coat in graceful lines; the fat-looking one was belted and buttoned in. When they sat down at the restaurant table, and took off their coats, the nice-looking one wore a black wool dress, with shoulders pleasantly shaped and a bodice line with tucking. The other girl had a dress which was too tight anyway, and made her bulge; which had exaggerated squared shoulders, pleated sleeves and buttons down the back to the wide suede belt. It was a bright orange. Everything called in loud tones, "See how big I am!"

## HOW TO STAY SANE

Speaking of nervous breakdowns, as Dr. Atlee does this month, a distinguished Canadian woman physician once offered three good rules to women as an assurance of mental stability.

"If you can do these three things you'll never end up in a mental hospital," she said. "First, either to give leadership or follow instructions in an emergency. That is, be a good director or a good assistant. Second, if you can accept the success and good fortune of those about you with real warmth of feeling and lack of envy; and third, if you can sit with a group of women at an afternoon tea for an hour and a half without saying a derogatory or hurtful thing about anyone."

Is it too difficult of achievement?

## LADY ASTOR STARTLING HOSTESS

When one of the world's most successful hostesses calls her house a

clearing station for every cranky lunatic from all over, you get the idea that her parties are pretty unusual. Lady Astor, woman M.P. in the British House of Commons, and American-born peeress, laughed about her reputation as a centre around which London life and ideas whirl amazingly, when I saw her in Toronto recently. She was on a flying visit, hurrying back to that "clearing station" and her six children. You know, she never serves anything more exhilarating than fruit punch at her affairs, and has a quaint old idea that people like to get together and simply talk. They do, madly and lengthily and cleverly, in the Astor house; people of all sorts and ranks; cabinet ministers and policemen, princes and coal miners. Once she organized poker games for her patients when the most amazing war hospital ever known was run in her house for Canadian soldiers. They adored her, of course — and that was what they wanted, so she gave it to them.

She probably ranks among the half dozen cleverest women speakers in political circles today. Consciously or no, she uses every oratorical trick for getting at her audience; and holds them in the traditional hand when she speaks. She doesn't worry about Fascism or other isms in England, because she thinks Englishmen have worn coats too long to take them off and put on shirts . . .

## TRICKS WITH MIRRORS

Take your old iron or brass bed and upholster the ends in a nice chintz, which you will also use for the covering. It's a latest idea in bedroom furnishing and most effective. And for something really new, you might get one of those mirrors with a border or crazy-quilt mirror pieces; very tosh indeed. The Gary Coopers have one in their Hollywood house, and they have a new white leather bench, too. I saw copies of both in an internationally known home decorating shop high up in a Manhattan building. Mirrors are used in every conceivable way — fashioned into ornaments of every kind — ships, dogs, fish . . . and cleverly arranged along whole walls or sides of rooms to double space appearance.

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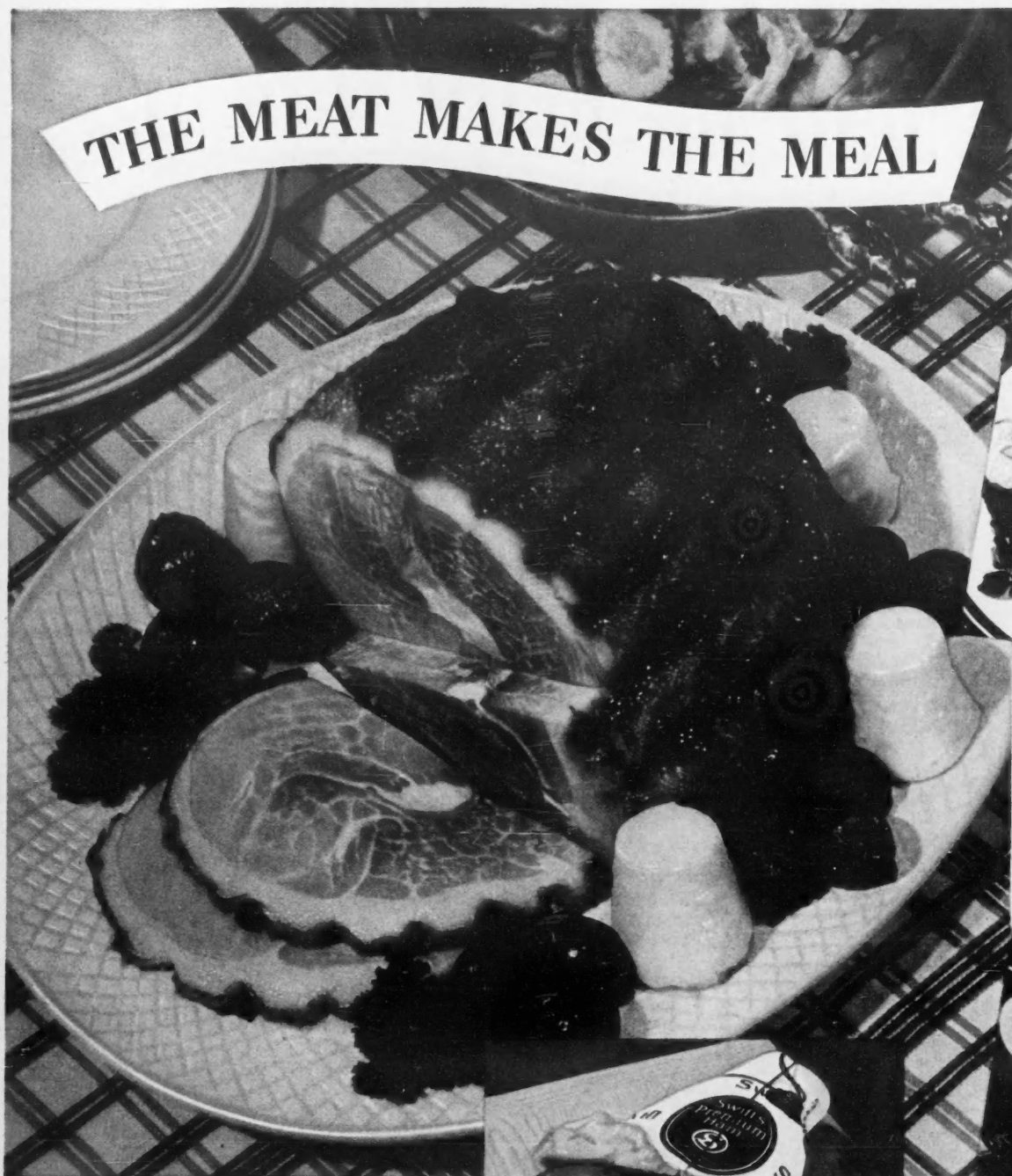
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## THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL



**THE HAM YOU DON'T PARBOIL!** No ma'am! It doesn't need it—after what it's been through! First, the Premium cure, to give it delectable mildness. Next, *Ovenizing*, Swift's own method of smoking hams *in ovens*, to perfect its flavour with a mellow richness.

**HERE'S THE RECIPE.** All you need to do to a Swift's Premium Ham is to bake it—in a covered roaster with 2 cups of water. Time? Oh, about 25 minutes to the pound, if it's a half ham like this one. For whole hams (12 to 14 pounds) 21 minutes per pound is sufficient. . . . When it's done, take it from the oven and skin it. Cut deep gashes in the fat, rub it with brown sugar and bread crumbs, fill the gashes with cherry jam. Brown it in a hot oven for 20 minutes. . . . By that time, your macaroni and cheese will have stopped bubbling. (Whoever first served

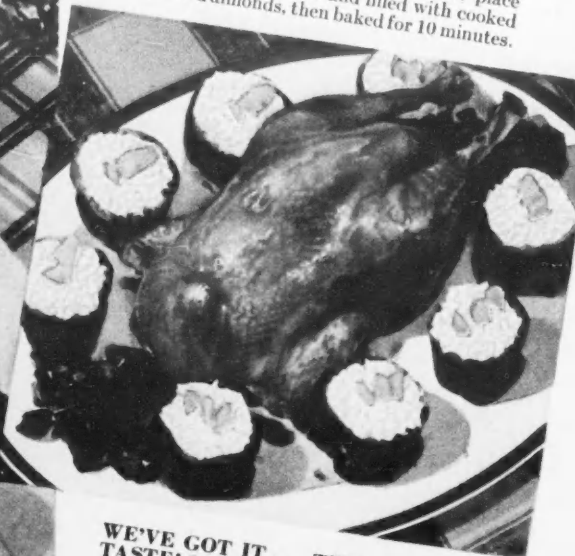
**REMEMBER—A SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM** is the one that's branded with the name *Swift* in little brown dots down the side—a name you should look for even on a single slice.

macaroni and cheese with ham, *had* something.) Proudly unmould these savory mounds, made by baking 3 cups of cooked, seasoned macaroni mixed with 1 cup sharp cheese in individual buttered baking dishes for 30 minutes. Add a tongue-teasing garnish of spiced canned plums. A delicious dish for family meal or special feast!

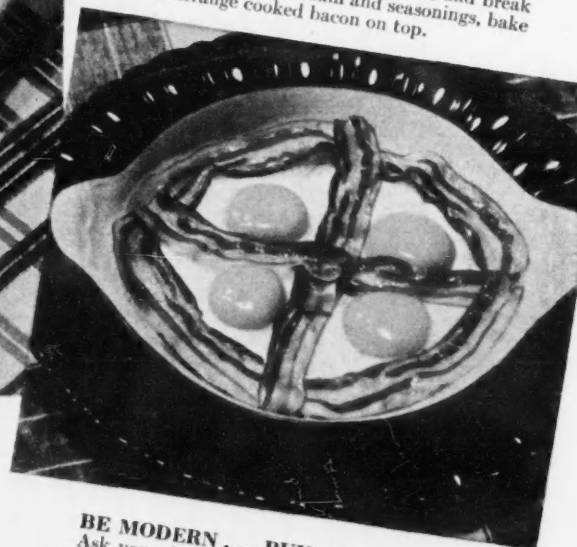
# SWIFT'S PREMIUM:

*brand name of the finest meats*

**MORE WHITE MEAT** under that golden crust! The reason—a special milk-feeding that plumps Swift's Premium Chickens with tender, delicate goodness. Look for the blue Swift's Premium tag on the breast of the chicken when you buy! Roast your chicken with a cup of chopped cooked mushrooms added to your favorite dressing. Around it place green pepper cups, parboiled and filled with cooked rice and toasted almonds, then baked for 10 minutes.



**WE'VE GOT IT... THE SWEET-SMOKE TASTE!** *Ovenizing* is the trick that gives this tangy flavor—the special way it's smoked in ovens. You can get Swift's Premium in packages, or have it cut from a piece with the Swift dot marking. Bake some of these lean, tender strips in a baking dish. Remove and keep hot, pour off most of the fat, and break eggs into the dish. Add cream and seasonings, bake until set. Arrange cooked bacon on top.



**BE MODERN... BUY BEEF BY BRAND!** Ask your dealer to show you the branding on the piece. For a wonderfully tender and juicy steak, get a Swift's Premium cut 1½ inches thick. Broil it in pre-heated oven 15 minutes for rare, 20 for medium. Note the potatoes: pared and thinly sliced almost through; soaked in hot water 20 minutes, fried in deep fat.

